

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

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Three

### THE SHEEP MEETS A RIVAL

#### ITS GREAT WOOL MONOPOLY TO GO

#### Science Finds Out How to Make Artificial Wool

#### BIG CHANGE COMING

The silkworm has met a serious rival of late years in the artificial silk made from wood pulp.

The sheep is now to meet a similar rival in the artificial wool which is already being manufactured on a big scale in France and has now been produced in England. This artificial wool differs from the silk because it is drawn like a tube, hollow inside, whereas artificial silk is solid, like a tiny rod or wire.

In the ordinary way wood pulp is dissolved in certain chemicals, and the solution so obtained is squirted through tiny holes into a bath of sulphuric acid, which solidifies it and enables it to be reeled. It is then washed and dried, and silk equal in many ways to the natural product of the silkworm is obtained.

#### An Ingenious Process

Artificial wool is manufactured by a very simple but marvellously ingenious method. The solution of wood pulp is first of all saturated with air under pressure, just as soda-water is filled with carbon-dioxide gas in a siphon. When it is squirted into the acid through the tiny nozzle, about the size of a silkworm's mouth, the air is liberated and blows out the solution into a tube, and so makes it hollow like the hairs of wool.

Artificial wool is said to be very warm and light. It certainly represents one of man's most admirable imitations of Nature's handiwork.

This new form of wool will be another blow to the woollen stocking. It has been nearly driven off the streets by artificial silk, and neither frost nor thaw seems able to bring it back again. But it could still look forward to a life in the country until quite lately, and many who believed that there was nothing like leather would have added that in cold weather there was nothing like wool to wear next to the skin.

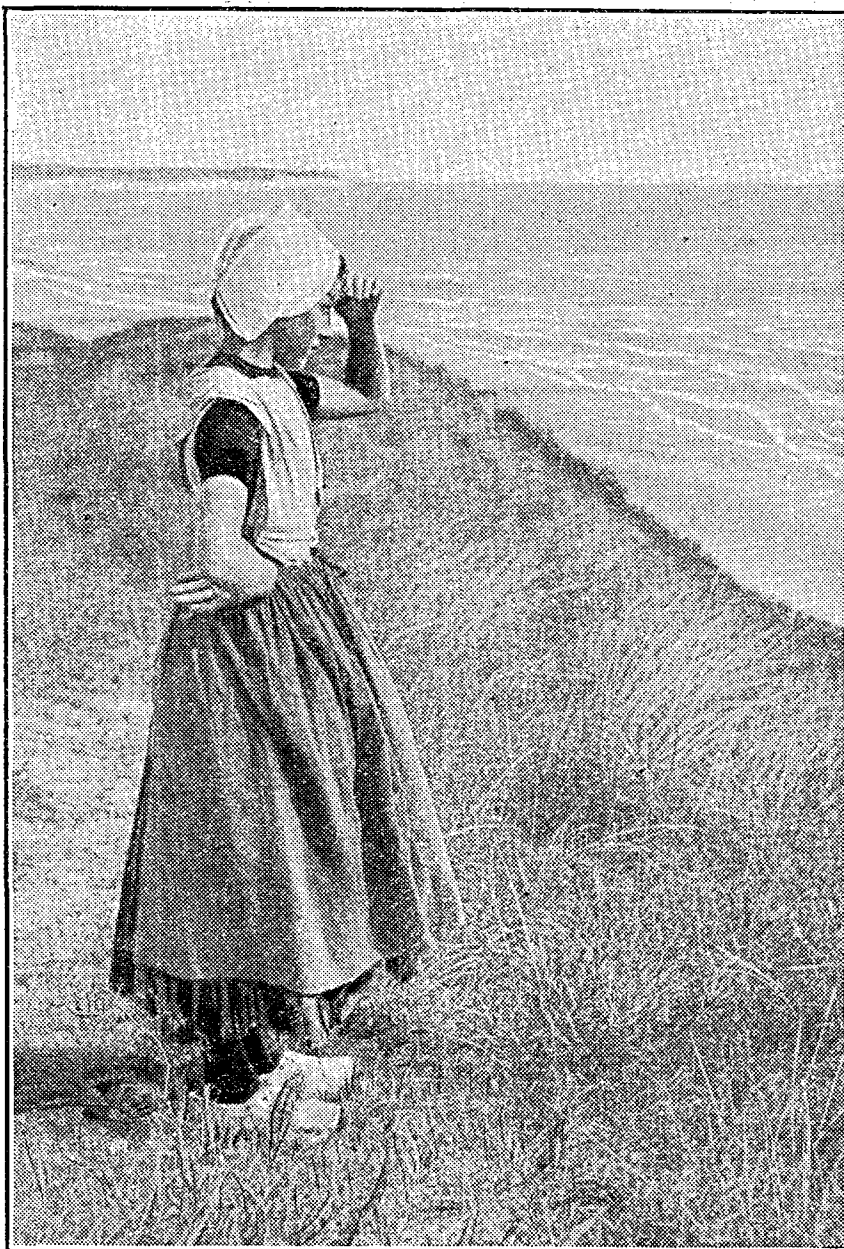
#### Shall We be Clothed in Wood?

Of course, they meant real wool, and it remains to be seen what will happen with the artificial wool, now about to be made on a commercial scale. If not quite as good as the genuine article, it is very like it in appearance and much cheaper.

It is said to feel like lamb's wool, and although this testimonial is given by its friends, it seems very likely that it will some day be largely used in garments now made altogether of wool.

If that happens the world will go about largely clothed in wood, and men and women will be like trees walking.

### An Enemy Invades Holland



This little maid of Holland is looking sadly at the havoc which the floods have wrought in her native land, where a survey from the air shows millions of acres under water. The dykes burst in several places, and boats and even steamers were sailing over the fields.

### WHAT THEY REMEMBER OF MARGHERITA

THE beautiful queen-mother of Italy has passed away, leaving some great memories in the hearts of her subjects.

They remember Margherita because she was a woman as well as a queen, because she was brave, and thought of others as well as herself. They remember how she turned her Villa Margherita into a hospital during the war. They remember the home for poor babies, the college for the orphan girls of elementary teachers. They remember a hundred and one kindly deeds on her part.

There are certain things all Europe is remembering now, tragic hours that fall to those uneasy heads whose lot it is to wear a crown.

We remember the story of that time in 1878 when Queen Margherita and her husband were driving through the crowded streets of Naples and a poor

madman tried to kill the king. The queen saved her husband's life that day by dashing a bouquet of flowers in the assassin's face. But fate overtook King Humbert on a day when she was not there to intervene. It is twenty-five years since he was murdered at Monza by an anarchist. When the dead body was brought home this woman who had been waiting to greet the living man burst into one of the most poignant laments ever spoken:

*They have killed you who loved your people. You were so good and you never did any harm to anyone, and yet they have killed you.*

Margherita conquered her sorrow and came out into the world again, her heart tenderer because of the suffering she had undergone. She was in every sense a great lady, and with her passes a dignified presence from Europe's public life.

### MAKING A WARSHIP A DEATH-TRAP

#### QUEER RESULT OF TRYING TO DO GOOD

#### How the Ironclads are Becoming Tinclads

#### A GRAVE QUESTION FOR THE NAVY

Till now the history of navy building has been the history of an unending race between armament and armour.

Every time a powerful new weapon was invented, able to pierce armour, the inventors set to work to make armour stronger. But now the race has suddenly stopped. Guns and torpedoes are still going ahead, but armour has given up, and is, indeed, going backwards!

This is the queer result of some of the agreements made at the Washington Naval Conference. It was agreed there that each of the five greatest naval Powers—Britain, America, Japan, France, and Italy—should have so many battleships and no more. An attempt was made to get an agreement as to the number of cruisers (the next largest kind of warship) to be allowed, but the attempt failed. What was agreed was that cruisers should not be more than ten thousand tons each, and should not have guns with a calibre of more than eight inches.

#### Unarmoured Cruisers

It happened therefore that after Washington everybody began to build ten-thousand-ton cruisers, and on these were mounted eight-inch guns. As 48 British cruisers had only six-inch guns they became useless, and that is why Britain is now building sixteen new cruisers, each of ten thousand tons and carrying eight-inch guns.

But that is not the worst of the story. The cruisers have to be swift and powerfully armed: they are to steam at least 32 knots an hour. Now, the engines to make such a speed, and the fuel to keep them going, are a tremendous weight, and so are the eight-inch guns, with the result that the engines and fuel and guns take up so much of the weight allowed that there is hardly any margin left for armour.

#### Useless Protection

So that it comes to this—that the nations are building ships which can move and shoot better than ever, but could not remain afloat a moment after they were hit. At most they will have "a patch of three-inch armour on the waterline," which, as a naval expert has put it, might as well be cardboard for all the protection it offers against the 250-pound shells fired by eight-inch guns.

So it comes about that a ship costing two and a half millions to build and £238,000 a year to keep up, and carrying 550 officers and men, is doomed the moment it is hit by a torpedo. A cruiser, in other words, becomes a death-trap for its crew.



## HOW DID THE HORSE KNOW?

### MYSTERIOUS STORY FROM A MINE

#### The Signal That Might Have Saved a Life

#### ANIMAL SENSE

Some men of the Saron Colliery at Ammanford, in Carmarthenshire, have had another example of what we call horse sense, which when acted upon spells safety for man and beast, but which when ignored may involve death for both.

George Stephens, one of the hauliers in the mine, was conveying coal in a horse-drawn truck from the coal-face when his horse suddenly stopped, but, though reluctant to move, at last started forward again at the repeated urging of its driver.

#### The Unheeded Danger Signal

As it did so a post supporting the roof, forced out of position by what is known as a squeeze, was caught by the truck, fell, and let down a fall of 15 tons of coal from the roof. Poor Stephens was buried by the coal and suffered injuries from which he died, a fate which he might have escaped had he realised and given heed to the danger signal.

Pit horses, as an inspector of mines has told us, usually come to a standstill when they hear the movement in the coal or rock which we call a squeeze, or when in other ways they detect danger.

Horse sense is lower than human intellect, but it is more specialised than the faculties of civilised man, being concentrated solely on the preservation of life and safety, whereas man's sense is diffused through a hundred channels, along which course the interests and emotions of reasoning creatures.

#### On the Eve of Waterloo

No watchdog could be a surer safeguard against certain dangers than a staunch and intelligent horse. How often a benighted rider, hopelessly lost in strange highways, has flung the reins on his horse's neck, saying, "I leave it to you, partner," and has been unerringly carried to home and safety. The fate of Europe once depended upon such a performance by a horse.

It was the night before Waterloo, and Wellington felt that he must see Blücher, who lay 14 miles away, on the other side of Wavre. He had ridden his famous charger Copenhagen ten hours that day, and the animal had not had a bite till 8 o'clock at night. Then Wellington himself saw the good creature stabled, saying to his groom, "Give him no hay, but after two or three go-downs of water as much beans and corn as he has a mind to."

#### A Momentous Tumble

After a brief rest the great soldier had Copenhagen out again, and in utter secrecy set off to Blücher. The journey was completed in safety; the historic conference was held; and then came the return, still at dead of night. The Duke was one of the world's worst riders, and naturally he must tumble off into a ditch. But Copenhagen waited for him to crawl out and remount, and took him back to bed, from which he was to rise and win the Battle of Waterloo. If the horse had faltered or fled that night when its rider fell the history of the world might have been changed.

Splendid creature, wise and steadfast within limits, the horse is still the supreme puzzle of the animal world, for if its reserve of sense is overcome it becomes the most hopeless victim to terror, and, once stampeded by fright, will dash itself to death into a wall or over a precipice, helpless. It needs a brake and stay, and Nature seems to have selected Man to serve as that paramount restraint.

## RUBBER

### America and High Prices

#### THE GREAT LIBERIA SCHEME FALLS THROUGH

Mr. Hoover is one of the most distinguished Americans living, not so much because of his present high Government position as because of the splendid work he did after the war to relieve the starving peoples of Eastern and Central Europe. But he has not added to his reputation by the attacks he has been making on Great Britain.

Mr. Hoover blames us because we are charging high prices for our rubber, which is so necessary for the great American tyre industry. He says nothing about the times when America charged us the highest price she could for munitions, for meat, for wheat, and for oil, simply because our need was great and she held the supplies.

But there is more in the story than that. It was because our rubber planters embarked on the policy of restricting production that they prevented the glut which would have kept rubber prices low and the plantations in financial difficulties. A few months ago it was announced that an American syndicate had acquired huge tracts of rubber-bearing lands in Liberia, and would in a short time be independent of supplies from the British and Dutch colonies.

#### A Ruse that Failed

The British rubber merchants smiled, for they knew this rumour was only bluff. They themselves had tried to grow rubber in Liberia years ago, and had been defeated because the Liberian native will not work, and they believed the intention of the rumour was to dissuade the British investor from buying an interest in British rubber companies, which would therefore be inclined to make the best profit they could by selling soon and cheap.

Now it appears that nothing is to be done to organise American rubber-growing in the Negro Republic, and it appears that there is, in fact, no truth in the story of the great doings that were afoot, and that, after all, the United States must come to the planters in the British and Dutch colonies.

## THE NEW SHAH

### What Reza Khan is Like

A C.N. correspondent has had a chat with a man from Persia who knows the new Shah, Reza Khan.

Khan means Prince, and it seems that Reza is really of princely family, for his father was Master of Ceremonies to the deposed Shah and his father.

Reza was sent to St. Petersburg to learn the art of war, and studied at the Imperial Staff College, passing with distinction. But, though he was in many respects the typical pleasure-loving, extravagant Russian officer, he was a man who thought of better things than self-indulgence. He is a magnificent pianist. He studied at the old St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and our informant has had the pleasure of hearing him play very often.

"The new Shah," we are told, "has brains and courage, though occasionally his ways gave anxiety to his friends. A measure of his courage is to be estimated from the fact that in 1912, at the height of the war between Turkey and Bulgaria, when Russia was in almost open alliance with the Bulgars, Reza Khan appeared in the streets of the Russian capital in the uniform of a Turkish colonel.

"You will find that in the midst of the pressure of State business the new Shah will make time for his hobby of music. He has already done a great deal to modernise old Persian music."

## SAYINGS OF A SCIENTIST

### SIR WILLIAM BRAGG AND THE TRADES

#### Professor's Interesting Talks at the Royal Institution

#### WHAT HANGS ON A HAIR

Sir William Bragg's descriptions of the new methods which science has imparted to the old trades of England were brightened for the children at the Royal Institution's Children's Lectures by many pungent sayings. Speaking of Weaving and Spinning, he said:

*The great industries of spinning and weaving hang on a single hair. It is a hair of cotton in Lancashire, a woollen hair in Yorkshire.*

By that he meant that a cotton fibre or a hair of wool is a most complicated thing, and to get the best results in making cotton goods or woollen cloths the manufacturer must know the structure of the hair. The hair is the unit of the trade.

Of the work of the Smith, he said:

*Sheffield workmen believe there is virtue in the water of the Don.*

The water is used for the tempering of Sheffield steel, and since the days of Pliny steel workers have believed that some water is better than others.

"The metal crystal is the unit of the smith," said the professor, meaning that the modern smith must know about crystals of metal for his alloys.

#### £20,000 for a Watch

Speaking of the needs of the Sailor, the professor said:

*It was the needs of the sailor which led to the founding of Greenwich Observatory and contributed to the growth of astronomy.*

Greenwich Observatory was founded so as to enable time-tables and navigation-tables to be drawn up, and latitude and longitude to be estimated correctly. Later, for the estimation of longitude by ships at sea, a prize of £20,000 was offered for a watch which would never go wrong by more than two minutes on a six-weeks voyage.

Speaking of the Dyer and his art, Professor Bragg said that "the red wave is longer than the blue." White light consists of a multitude of waves whose length varies from a 40,000th to the 80,000th of an inch. Red waves are the longest.

Colours, he said, are produced by the destruction of colour. When white light falls on a piece of white cloth the cloth looks white. Put a red dye on the cloth, and the red destroys or suppresses all the other colour waves which make up the white collection, and reflects only the red. The red is therefore produced by the destruction of the remaining colours. Dyes do not give colour, but take away certain colours so as to leave only the colour desired.

## BACK TO HADDON HALL

### Duke Returns to His Ancient Home

It is good news indeed to learn that the Duke of Rutland is making Haddon Hall the principal seat of the Manners family after many generations of disuse.

What story of triumphant love is more tender than that which tells how Dorothy Vernon, the lovely and lovable heiress, left the feasting and the guests of Haddon Hall, the lights and the music, and ran to the postern-gate to meet her lover and be married to him at Gretna Green? And what other legends of ghosts and dragons, and stories of Royal visitors and great doings, have their home on the pleasant hills overlooking the Wye and within those grey walls and sunny gardens!

## DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

### Gallant Deed in the Atlantic

#### A SAILING SHIP'S FLIGHT

Sailors and shipowners have been remembering a gallant deed which took place in mid-Atlantic a little time ago.

The steamship Idaho, bound from Hull to New York, was badly driven during a severe gale and obliged to go several miles out of her course. It was a day to make many a seaman wonder if he would see another morning's light. But there was a vessel in a far worse state than the Idaho, and that was a Danish sailing ship, the Eva.

She was in a very bad way indeed, all but foundering in those raging seas. She threw out signals of distress hour after hour, and it happened that they were seen by the look-out of the Idaho.

The captain of the British steamship called for volunteers to go to the rescue of the Eva.

#### Five Heroes

There were instant responses from his crew. The chief officer and four seamen volunteered to go. They knew quite well they were risking their lives.

The ship's long boat was lowered, and these five brave men rowed off toward the foundering vessel. The long boat tossed like a reed, beaten by furious wind and wave. Again and again she all but capsized. By such skill and seamanship as rouses the admiration of all who have ever sailed a boat, the boat drew alongside the water-logged ship.

All the crew were safely taken off, last of all the captain, who had been in the rigging for 36 hours, watching the seas and directing the management of the sinking ship.

The men of the Idaho have been rewarded by the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. It is good for us to remember, in our small and secure lives, what a day and a night may bring to those who go down to the sea in ships.

## THINGS SAID

It is not the function of the law to make people good.

*From an Irish Official Report*

No nation in the world can carry on like ours when we know what we are working for.

*Lady Gainford*

Scholars are like hens; they lay better if they have to scratch for their food.

*The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge*

The destruction of Waterloo Bridge will break up one of the grandest architectural landscapes in the world.

*The London Society*

Comparing them with other countries, I believe the self-governing Dominions are the luckiest countries in the world.

*Mr. Pember Reeves*

The first object of education should be not to supply facts but to create a desire to know.

*Dr. A. C. Seward*

My advice to young girls is to avoid the vanity bag.

*Earl Bathurst*

The commandment is laid upon journalists, Thou shalt not be dull.

*Mr. C. P. Scott*

We can only trust to the good qualities of the people to tide us over our difficulties.

*Dean Inge*

Scouting is one of the few cheery and hearty things in an otherwise distracted world.

*Dr. W. E. Henderson*

A man who knows the game and does not make mistakes is precious beyond rubies in journalism.

*Mr. C. E. Montague*

In nine cases of failure out of ten there have been missed opportunities—lack of courage, of belief in oneself, of foresight. Foresight is a form of inspiration.

*Mr. W. R. Morris*



## CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

### THE AUSTRALIANS ARE COMING

Men Who Will Play for Us and Men Who Will Play Against Us

#### PROSPECTS FOR 1926

How wonderful it is that, with our winter at its worst, we pick up our evening paper and read the day's scores in a cricket match in Australia, where it is now high summer.

We have our cricket on the hearth, and within an hour of their selection in Melbourne, 12,000 miles away, we know the names of the players Australia has chosen to represent her in the Test Matches here in England during our coming summer.

Before the invention of the telegraph the news would have taken weeks to reach us; while before the days of steam the old sailing ships occupied as much as eight months over the voyage.

#### Pupils Beat Their Teachers

The news that came from our great cricket rivals has set the empire of sport gossiping ever since, and daily and nightly we have all had cricket on the hearth. Can we once more beat the formidable Australians, who have been the masters of their teachers for so many years? There is not an ounce of reason why we should not. We won only one of the five Tests in Australia a year ago, it is true, but the unprecedented ill-luck of our bowlers and the loss of the toss four times out of five played a part against us which our gallant foes were the first to realise.

We shall have a better team at home than we had out there. The Australians cannot do better against us than they did, but we may be more successful against them than we were. Though Armstrong plays no more, their Old Guard will be here, and we know their powers.

#### A Fine Bowler

The one man who may cause our batsmen sleepless nights is Grimmett, a bowler who can keep a fine length and make a ball not only break considerably, but, keeping low, come very quickly off the pitch. He is new to all but our last Test players, and they met him only twice. Gregory, Mailey, Macartney, Collins, Hendry, and Rider are good bowlers, but we have just as good in England. The batting of the team will be splendid; the fielding at best no better than our own.

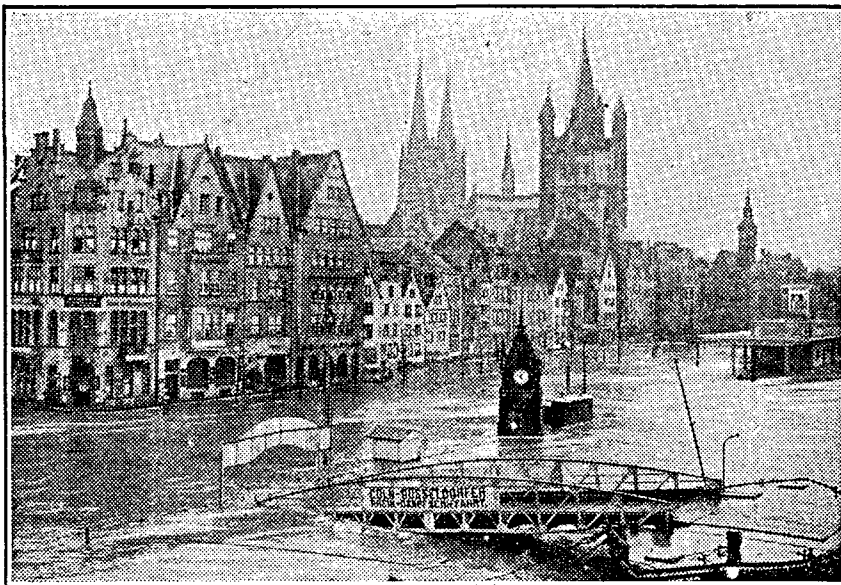
We have the two best fast bowlers of the day in Tate and Macaulay; an unexcelled wicketkeeper; the record-making opening pair of batsmen in Hobbs and Sutcliffe; fine seasoned players in many teams, and youngsters in various counties of higher quality than we have possessed for years; and our fielding will be excellent.

#### Will the Spell be Broken?

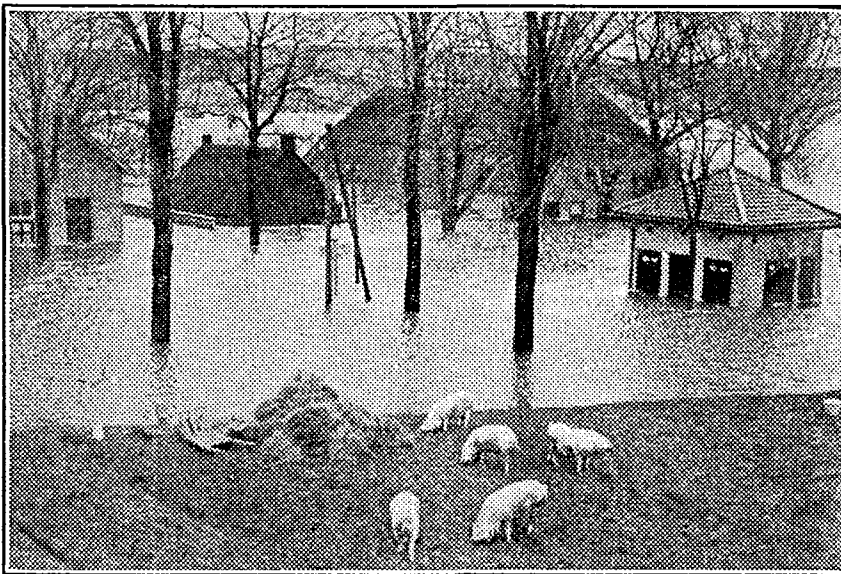
Australia will be a super-Yorkshire at Yorkshire's best. The Rest of England can beat the champion county; why, then, should we not beat the Australians? They have a tremendous fighting spirit; so have we. Man for man we are as good cricketers as the Australians, and we are playing on English wickets.

We all feel that the long-lasting spell is to be broken this year and that we shall recover the crown of the game which we taught the world to play. If we cannot win, then all the more honour to our kinsmen for challenging us on our own grounds and valiantly keeping the prize from us!

## ALL EUROPE UNDER WATER



The flooded streets of Cologne, Germany, near the Cathedral



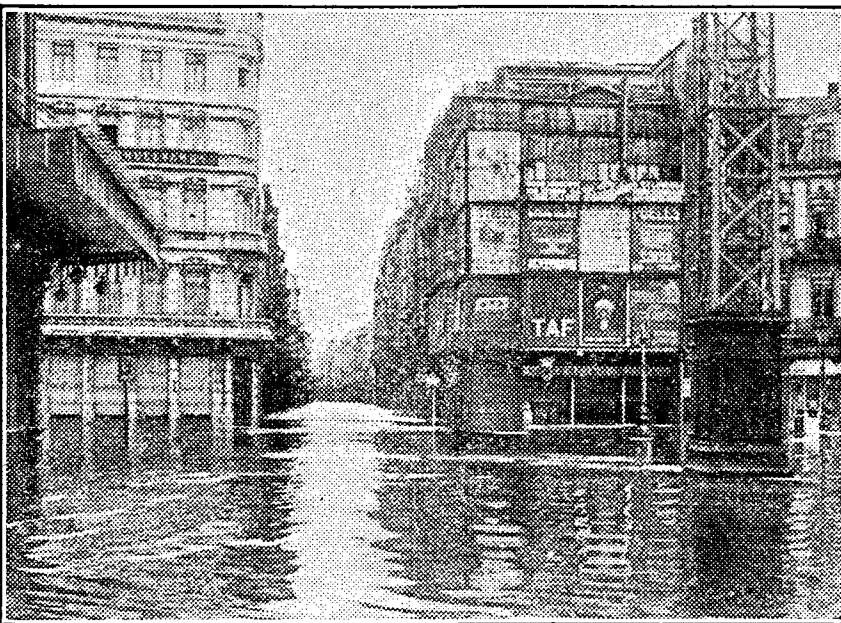
What the flooded Dutch villages look like



A scene in the city of Torda, Hungary



A broken-down lorry on a road at Reading



In the heart of flooded Liège, Belgium

There have been floods all over Europe from the Balkans to the Atlantic, such as have not been seen for more than a century, and these pictures give some idea of what Europe looks like under water. The pigs in the Dutch village are standing on a high railway embankment

## BURIAL PLACE OF FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

### WHAT THE ROUND MOUNDS MEAN

The Rabbit that Burrowed Through a Prehistoric Bowl

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN SIDE BY SIDE

About four miles to the east of Ipswich, on a wide and flat part of the sandhill that borders Suffolk on the seaward side, are a number of round mounds which serve to mark the burial-places of a forgotten people.

Though their shape and appearance suggest that they belong to the Bronze Age, these mounds have been associated with the Danes, who at various times invaded East Anglia. It is supposed that a battle with these people took place on a heath at Rushmere, and that the bodies of those who were killed in this engagement were buried beneath these mounds.

To solve this problem the Ipswich and District Field Club some time ago undertook the excavation of a series of the mounds, and some interesting facts were disclosed.

#### Bronze Age Pottery

A trench driven through one mound showed that the ancient people, in constructing this mound, first excavated the whole area enclosed by the outer edge of the surrounding ditch to a depth of about eighteen inches, and that this ditch had been dug to a level from six to nine inches lower than that on which the mound stands. The remains of the dead were then placed in the centre of the surface of the excavated area; a large number of flint scrapers and flakes were scattered round, and earth was piled over the whole. A large fire then appears to have been lighted.

As no human bones were discovered, probably cremation was practised, but fragments of pottery were found and this pottery is clearly from Early Bronze Age times, about 1400 to 1100 B.C.

In the trench of the smaller tumulus was a bucket-shaped bronze bowl, nearly nine inches wide at the mouth and over five inches high, containing human and animal remains, together with other objects. The bowl, made of thin beaten bronze, rested on the surface of the undisturbed sand, and when at first uncovered appeared to be almost intact. But a closer examination revealed the fact that a rabbit had burrowed right through the bowl and had broken it!

#### Iron Rivets and Glass Beads

The form of this bowl, and its contents, indicate that this tumulus was built by pagan Saxons about A.D. 460.

With these relics were found an almost complete bone comb with iron rivets, a bone disc with ornamentation on two sides, the remains of a circular bracelet of ivory, two glass beads, and an object in clay made in a mould and probably meant to represent a draughtsman.

It would seem, by the number of burial mounds in the neighbourhood of Martlesham, that a considerable population must have dwelled there, and the difference between then and now is brought home to us forcibly by the presence near their ancient burial-places of the Martlesham aerodrome.

## THUNDERSTORMS

### Useful Weather Notes

Observations of winter thunderstorms will be very useful to Mr. S. Morris Bower, of Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield, who is again making a record of them in conjunction with the Meteorological Office.

A note on a postcard of the date and time of observation of thunder or lightning, with the direction in which the lightning was seen, will be specially valuable for the record.



## PAPER FOR THE WORLD

### EUCALYPTUS TREE TO THE RESCUE

#### A Chapter in the Natural History of Countries

#### TONGUES IN TREES

At first sight there may seem nothing romantic in the fact that the University of Wisconsin has learned how to make cheap and excellent paper from eucalyptus trees, yet there is a world of wonder at the back of it.

The United States produces such torrents of newspapers and books that, her own supplies of raw material failing, she has to pay Canada over sixteen million pounds a year for paper made from the pulped timber of spruce.

But what, it will be asked, has the eucalyptus to do with America, seeing that it is the giant child of Australia, its native home, and of no other continent? Therein lies the romance.

#### The Tallest of Trees

The eucalyptus is Australian, and, being at its maximum 500 feet high and of splendid girth, is the tallest of all trees. But the value of its gum and timber has long been recognised. Seeds have been sent to the hot parts of America, to Brazil, California, New Mexico, Florida, to Algeria, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Italy, to Southern France. The trees tower gigantic in a thousand places and they can be multiplied enormously.

The growth is so rapid (ten feet or more a year) that with the right climate and enough space, the world can increase its paper supply indefinitely, just when we seemed on the eve of a famine in paper for news-print. All this, however, is the commercial side. Consider the romance of the case.

#### America's Natural Riches

See how Providence prepared the continents for the exchange of natural commodities. Note what America had in readiness for the hardy adventurers who at last sought her out. She had the most important addition that had been made to human diet since civilisation sat down to meals—potatoes. She had the next most important in maize. She had quinine, a paramount remedy for a host of ills. She had rubber, one of the most indispensable of modern commercial products.

In exchange we sent her wheat, coffee, cultivated fruits, dogs, cats, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, and a thousand things besides, all of which she now produces from the descendants of the Old World's contributions. To Australia we sent similar gifts, animal and vegetable. She had nothing botanical to offer in return beyond her magnificent trees, no animals but freakish primitive pouched creatures.

#### Australia's Wonderful Timbers

Yet her timbers are as world-famous as her precious ores and stones. We medicinate ourselves with her eucalyptus; our trains run on sleepers of her hardwoods, just as our telephone and telegraph wires hang on her hardwood cross-pieces which are attached to every telegraph pole in the land. And now the great island continent, whose natives were the most ignorant on Earth till white men arrived, is to furnish a raw material which will enable newspapers to speak to all the world.

Here, indeed, is an example of tongues in trees. And the best of it is, the new manufacture cannot hurt old ones, for it is impossible to have too much raw material for the world's growing demand for paper.

## A BISHOP TALKS OF SCIENCE

### HOW IT BANISHED FEAR

#### Man's Mind Akin to the Universal Mind

#### THE HOPES THAT WILL COME TRUE

The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, has been talking on science to teachers of science classes, and has been saying some very interesting things from which we quote below.

Science (said the Bishop) had already banished unreasoning fear from the minds of educated men by giving them a right understanding of the world. The storm and the lightning could be explained. The spirits of the dead had no power over the living. The bad dream was not due to some supernatural being. The taboo was useless unless reason could justify it. The witch and her familiar had gone; we gazed with pity on a poor old woman whose proper place was a mental home.

Science had also banished the gods, though it had not banished God. It had taught us that all things work together as part of one great whole. That the universe was a self-acting machine was to him incredible. If we thought so we were unable to account for man's spiritual life. We must not separate man from the universe; he was part of it, a product of its ceaseless change. Man's mind was akin to the Universal Mind.

#### A Shadow in Space and Time

Science, to his thinking, did not banish the conception of the Kingdom of God as formulated by the Founder of Christianity. Men were now convinced that civilisation was not the degeneration of some past state of human perfection; it was the consequence of man's new powers.

Alike for the individual and the race it was certain that here we had no abiding city. But was the ideal not the ultimately real? Was the earthly kingdom of our hopes not a shadow in space and time of an eternal kingdom in some spiritual realm? It seemed to him that man strove here for that which he would attain hereafter.

## THE TALKING TRAIN

### All the News on the Way

On a train running between Hamburg and Berlin the passenger can clap a headphone to his ears and hear the wireless news. If there is no news being broadcast he can call up a newspaper office and ask for the latest intelligence.

At present the idea is a novelty and a three-minute head-to-head conversation with the editor of a Berlin newspaper, or his representative, costs the railway traveller five shillings or thereabouts. But the editorial voice can be easily heard above the roar of the train, and the experience is worth the expense.

In the future some enterprising railway company will no doubt arrange for the wireless distribution of all the news on the way at a trifling addition to the railway fare.

## POTATOES FOR THE TREASURY

### How They Pay Their Taxes in Poland

Money is scarce in Poland just now, and many of the farmers cannot get money for their produce. The Diet has, therefore, passed a law to allow them to pay their taxes in corn, potatoes, or beet, all of which are produced in great quantities in Poland.

The "tax" must be delivered at a railway station approved by the Government, when it will be allowed for at fixed prices.

## COINS BY THE HUNDRED MILLION

### Where the Threepenny-Bit is Popular

There is always something interesting in the report of the Master of the Mint.

The Mint sends its wares all over the world. Last year it struck no less than 223 million coins, of which only about a quarter were for use in Britain.

A great amount of the work done was to supply Continental countries with silver coins, because the people have become tired of using paper money to pay for small purchases. Russia alone needed forty million silver pieces, while Lithuania ordered a complete silver currency. In countries whose credit is low, of course, considerable quantities of base metals have to be mixed with the silver, or the coin would be much more valuable than the goods it could purchase.

As far as Britain is concerned, the Mint struck more sixpences and half-pennies than any other coins, and it had a busy time making medals for Wembley, where over 125,000 were sold. A curious fact is that the threepenny-bit is still popular in Scotland, and, for some unknown reason, especially so in dockyard towns.

## FINE CAREER OF A CARPENTER'S SON

### Well Done, Jones

The American Standard Oil Company is one of the two or three very great concerns in all the world, and its directors have just been appointing a new chairman.

George H. Jones got the position, and his appointment calls attention to one of the most romantic careers on record. Mr. Jones is only 52, and was the son of a village carpenter.

From his very earliest schooldays he had to spend all his spare time earning his bit towards the family's support, and when he finished grammar school he worked twelve hours a day in a knitting mill at a wage of about 2d. an hour.

Then he went into the insurance business, and after that he turned to selling typewriters until, when he was 18, he joined one of the Standard Oil companies as a shorthand writer. Young Jones's hobby was the study of law, and he also devoted a tremendous amount of energy to familiarising himself with every possible phase of the oil industry.

His hard work soon began to tell, and in the last 15 years his advance has been very rapid, until we now find him in the greatest position the world's oil industry has to offer.

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AT WESTMINSTER

### One-Way Traffic Experiment

Parliament Square, the two plots of grass studded with statues of statesmen opposite the House of Commons, has found a new use.

Hitherto the crowded traffic going East and West has run mainly on two sides only; now it is to go all round the square for all the world like the wooden horses of a merry-go-round.

It is an attempt to get rid of the blocks of cross traffic at the bottom of Whitehall. There is now an endless circle of One-Way traffic round the square, and every vehicle wishing to pass it must join the circus and go with the rest till it reaches the exit it is seeking.

Buses from Victoria to Trafalgar Square go round on their usual side, but on the return journey they must go round the other side. Buses from Trafalgar Square to Westminster Bridge leave the square out altogether, as hitherto, but on coming back they go round three sides and half the fourth, giving the passengers a fine extra jaunt for their money. Yet no one doubts that on the balance much time is saved.

## A DICTATOR FOR GREECE

### Athens Follows Rome and Madrid

#### BAYONETS AND CONSCIENCE

After Italy, Spain; after Spain, Greece! Each of the three great peninsulas of Southern Europe now has a Dictator as its head.

General Pangalos's rule in Greece really began last June, when, with the help of the army, he seized the premiership. For six months he kept up the pretence of ruling through Parliament, and as Parliament had not the courage to oppose him it was not very difficult. He even set about the creation of a Senate to help the Chamber in its work.

But now the Senatorial elections have been indefinitely postponed and the Chamber is to be ignored. General Pangalos has announced that "henceforth he will assume the entire responsibility for the government of the country, and will rely solely upon the power of the Army and the national conscience in order to save Greece." The General is convinced that he enjoys the confidence of the Greek people, but he will not have an election to prove it.

#### What Greece Needs

How the national conscience is going to be enabled to help him in these circumstances is not quite clear. Some of his supporters seem a little doubtful of its aid, for the troops have been told that "on their bayonets only does the establishment of the Dictatorship depend." That is an honest way of putting it. What is most difficult to appreciate in these dictators is their assurance that they have the people behind them when the one thing they will not do is to give the people a chance of saying so!

What Greece needs above all things is peace and security, and we fear that this unsettled country with so great a past is at the beginning of one more unsatisfactory chapter of its history.

## THE FARMER'S BOY

### New Style

Great Britain wants a place in the sun for her boys. Greater Britain, as represented by Australia, replies that if England has the boys who will make farmers she wants them, and the old country and the new have hit on a plan in Norfolk by means of which to fit the supply to the demand.

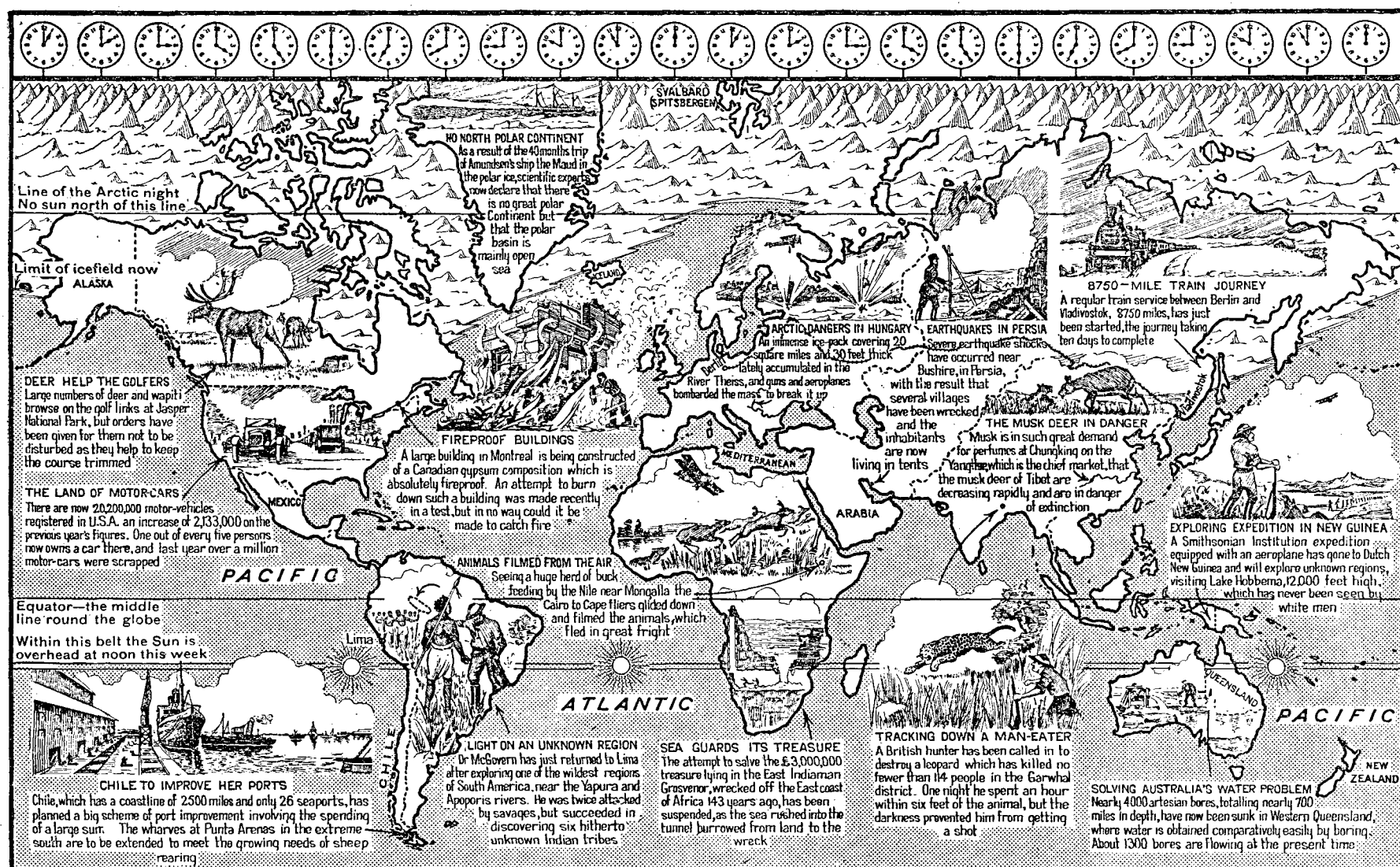
There is a big country house called Lynford Hall which in these days, when there are too many big houses and not enough small ones, wanted a tenant. It is being converted into an agricultural college of a very special kind. It is to teach the kind of farming that is wanted in Australia. In order to make the teaching practical the surrounding estate of a thousand acres is being converted into the nearest possible resemblance to an Australian farm.

Here English boys and young men who work hard will, at the end of their training, bear a fairly close resemblance to the young Australian farmer as Australia would have them be. They will not be the equal of the native-born, but they will be on the way to become so, and Australia will see to it that when they get out there with a little capital they shall have a good start, a fair field, and a little favour.

This is the way Australia and England are planting the new empty lands with the right seed. One of the interesting things about the venture is that it may be said to come out of a bottle. Lynford Hall was built some time in the nineteenth century by a man who invented the glass ginger-beer bottle which has a ball for a stopper.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A PLANE'S SAD JOURNEY 2000 Miles to a Burial-Place

In Australia the body of a pioneer who died in the wilds has been carried over two thousand miles through the air.

This man died at Fitzroy Cross in West Australia, and his body was taken to Perth for burial. Because there was no undertaker available the body was originally buried without a coffin, and when it was disinterred an improvised coffin had to be made and strapped to the under-carriage of the aeroplane which was sent by relatives of the dead man. The airman covered over 4000 miles there and back.

This funeral is said to be unprecedented, the nearest approach to it being the case of a trooper in the Canadian Mounted Police whose body was brought by a comrade over a thousand miles by the use of dog teams. The earth where the trooper died was frozen and as hard as rock, so that the burial could not take place.

## WONDERFUL JOURNEYS OF BIRDS

### Man Who has Ringed 150,000

It is sixteen years now since Mr. H. F. Witherby started his good work for putting little aluminium rings on the legs of birds that fly to other climates at the change of the year, and in that time more than 150,000 birds have been marked in this way.

Some remarkable facts have come to light in consequence. A Sandwich tern was ringed on the Farne Islands in July, 1919. It was found at Capetown, 6000 miles away, last August. Six common swallows have been found to make the journey from Britain to different parts of South Africa.

More wonderful still, a kittiwake, the smallest of the British seagulls, was found to have crossed the Atlantic, from the Farne Islands to Newfoundland.

## THE FOG AND THE BELL Remarkable Thing Happens at a Lighthouse

A very clever thing has just been done. Fog on the River Liffey has been made to start a warning bell installed in a lighthouse.

A light shines on the opposite bank of the river, and its rays are caught by what is known as a photo-electric cell. This wonderful little cell, when illuminated with the faintest gleam of light, gives off sufficient electricity to operate a little arm which just keeps the alarm bell switch away from the "on" position. If a fog arises the photo-electric cell can no longer receive the light from across the river, its power ceases, and the little arm falls and allows the fog bell of the lighthouse to ring.

## MARK OF CROMWELL'S MEN

### An Incident of the Storm

A beautiful fourteenth-century fireplace on which Cromwell's garrison had scratched their initials, one of the features of the old courthouse at Poole, has been damaged in the recent rains.

The building was only discovered, accidentally, in 1924, when a building which hid it had to be pulled down through the falling of a chimney stack through the roof. Six months ago a fund was started to buy the guildhouse, and £600 was raised. Now twenty feet of the frontage has collapsed and many historic relics have been destroyed.

## MIRACLE OF 51 MINUTES The Tale of a Car

An engineering journal gives interesting details of a real Ford car miracle.

A broken-down car was picked up by an aeroplane in Chicago, taken by air to the motor-car works at Cleveland, and on arrival there was reassembled in fifty-one minutes and made ready to drive away! The story is authentic.

## A NEGRO LADY AT THE BAR

### Virginia Leads the Way

What good news it is to hear that a Negro lady, Miss Marian Poe, has qualified for the Bar in Virginia!

Three Negro ladies competed in the examinations, but only Miss Poe passed the test. Of the four white women who competed only two passed, so that there was no colour-favouritism.

But those who have been privileged to meet men like Mr. Roland Hayes, the singer, who is a master of French and German and Italian music; and those who met and spoke with Booker Washington, the great educator and founder of Tuskegee University for coloured men and women; or with the great composer Coleridge Taylor; or with any of the statesmen of Liberia or the chief lawyers of the Gold Coast, will realise that the mind and soul of genius are common to all races, to the black as well as the white or yellow or brown.

## IS THE APPLE RIPE? A Machine for Finding Out

Fruit which is to be exported to a far-off country has always to be picked long before it is ripe, as it goes on ripening during the voyage.

Fruit farmers have up to now just pressed on the fruit with the thumb, and experience has told them when it is ready for picking. But soon the testing of fruit will be much more accurate, for a new instrument has been designed (by the U.S. Department of Agriculture) which registers on a dial the exact firmness of an apple or other fruit. A plunger is pressed against the flesh of the fruit, and the pressure it will withstand is shown by a pointer on the dial.

An enormous number of tests have been made with these instruments, from which tables have been compiled to help the farmer to pick his fruit in the best possible condition for export.

## THE HASTINGS HUM Searching for a Sound

In Hastings the purring dynamos of the Power and Electric Light Station have so disturbed some of the ratepayers that the Town Council has felt obliged to ask science if anything could be done about it.

Science could not do very much. The peculiarity of the hum, which like the Bonnie Earl of Moray "C. comes sounding through the town," is that it appears to reach the ears of the residents in some districts well removed from the Power Station while skipping those of people near by.

The first thing that could be done by the scientist called in, Mr. A. M. Low, was to try to trace the path of the sounds. This could be done by taking tracings of them at various points in Hastings where the hum could be heard.

Sound waves will readily furnish a photograph of themselves. A very thin plate is put in their path. They agitate it, and its vibrations, reflected as a spot of light from a tiny mirror on the plate's edge, are the pictured representation of the sound waves.

Therefore the gentleman who went searching for the Hastings hum with a camera would have no difficulty in finding the sound waves or in identifying them when found. He would also be able to say whether the sounds were caused by a simple regular hum, or were complicated by other disturbances or by reflection of the waves.

Zones of silence, or of comparative silence, are well known when sounds travel over long distances. Great explosions produce examples, and so did the bombardments of the war. But nobody is quite certain how or why they occur.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares . . . . . An-tay-réez  
Manitoba . . . . . Man-e-to-bah  
Wisconsin . . . . . Wis-kon-sin



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 23

1926

## The Neighbour

THIS is a story that should be told, and so we tell it.

Some years ago, in a very poor home in Barnsley, there was a lad who was very ill, and continually in great pain. The case was so bad that the doctor went every morning early, about half-past seven, to see him.

One morning the doctor, out on this errand, met the rector going to the station. The two walked together a little way, and the doctor happened to mention the sad case he was going to see. They parted. The rector went on to catch his train and the other, soon immersed in the business of the day, thought no more about the chance meeting.

The next morning, about seven o'clock, there was a knock at the door of the little house where the sick boy lived. The mother opened it and saw an unknown gentleman in black clothes, who asked to see the patient, as if he were another doctor. He went upstairs and sat down, and talked to the boy about all manner of interesting things that were going on in the world outside.

"I'll draw you one thing I saw," he said, and, taking a card from his pocket, he hastily sketched a picture of two dogs fighting. The sick boy watched the picture grow. "But who are you?" he asked in amazement. *I am your neighbour*, was the smiling reply.

The next minute the strange visitor was gone, and when the doctor arrived the boy showed him the card in great delight. "Look at what my neighbour has done for me," he said.

Every morning the doctor found that this mysterious visitor had called before he arrived and cheered the sick boy with his talk and his pencil. The patient had always another picture to show him—a man on a runaway bicycle, two people talking, simple quick drawings of some amusing incident.

The mother began to pin them up on the bedroom wall, the jolliest picture gallery imaginable. When the dark hours of the night tortured the sleepless, suffering lad he looked forward to the morning, when his beloved visitor would call. The rector never failed him. More than once the lad asked him who he was, and always was given that friendly reply, "I am your neighbour."

The doctor, of course, found out, but he kept the rector's secret. These two men fought the demon of pain in that poverty-stricken home until the poor boy passed on to the dawn of an eternal day. We do not know the doctor's name, but we do know the rector's. He is no longer a rector at Barnsley. He is the new Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Francs or Chickens?

THE Poles are being allowed to pay their taxes in goods instead of money, and a Paris correspondent is reminded that the day may come when a workman may be paid in kind.

It has been noticed that the daily pay of a French working man has always equalled the price of a chicken. When the labourer earned a penny a day the chicken cost a penny; in 1914 a chicken and a working man's day were rated together at 20 francs; now one and the other come to about 120 francs.

Will the day come, one wonders, when a man will say: "I made three or four chickens today"?

## Other Ways of Other Days

IN the C.N. Monthly we were talking not long ago of Sunday, and a correspondent recalls an extraordinary fact about the way Sunday was kept not a hundred years since.

Dwellers near the Zoological Gardens about the middle of last century were distracted by the sound of the dismal howls that came from the beasts on Sunday, for the wretched animals were not fed from Saturday night to Monday morning because it was supposed to be *against the will of God!* The Editor of the C.N. remembers how, in his boyhood, his father was pained to see him watering the violets on Sunday for much the same reason.

Times have changed for the worse in many things, but in many for the better.

## The B.B.C. Trespassing

ONE frosty night not long ago, when all sorts of people were listening-in for the Time Signal and News Bulletin, they were told that there was a special notice to be given out.

It was not the description of a criminal wanted by the police, or an S O S calling someone to a sick bed. It was an appeal to feed the birds.

Time was when every nursery and drawing-room had its cage, and the people who kept the poor prisoners really thought they were "fond of birds," but now those cages are hardly ever seen, and instead coconuts are hung in the garden to feed the birds, who repay us as Tommy Tucker did.

We are growing kinder in all sorts of ways, and the broadcast message is but another sign.

And is it not very appropriate that the appeal for the hungry feathered things should have come to English folk over the air? After all, the sky has belonged to the birds for thousands of years, and if the B.B.C. trespasses there it should certainly consider the proprietors as much as possible!

The greater our talents the greater are our duties. DUCLOS

## Getting it Right

THIS is one of the little things that happened on the Stock Exchange the other day.

A business man met another man, who said: "I hear your brother has just made a cool three thousand in a wholesale deal at Nottingham."

"I'm afraid you haven't got it quite right," said the other. "It was not at Nottingham; it was at Leicester. And it was not wholesale, it was retail. And it was not three thousand pounds, it was thirty thousand pounds. And he did not make it, he lost it. And it wasn't my brother, it was me."

So now we have it right.

## Tip-Cat

THE giraffe is said to have no voice at all. Yet what a neck it has for reaching top notes!

A SINGER was recently presented with a basket of eggs. The audience was too polite to throw any.

SPORT forms the greatest bridge between the classes. Many a third-class worker is a first-class player.

THE Spanish Government now gives medical certificates to exported potatoes. Has an oculist tested their eyes?

THE average Treasury note lasts eight months. Ours doesn't.

It is no use knowing when a thing happened unless we know why it happened, says a bishop. But what about the Fire of London?

ON the altar of paper money France is burning franc incense.

It costs £2000 a year, we are told, to be an M.P. Even then he does not get the House to himself.

THE great Post Office wireless masts at Rugby have 26 miles of wire. Something like a wireless aerial.

A SILENT gramophone has been invented. We are still waiting for an invisible film.

## Aunt

By Peter Puck

The perfect aunt in all her glory  
Can play a tune, and tell a story,  
And draw you ships and buccaneers,  
And tigers fighting men with spears.  
Aunts cannot all have gifts like these,  
But there are simpler ways to please.  
The women uncles ought to marry  
Should never mind how much they carry;

Each in her pocket all her life  
Should keep a pencil and a knife,  
Spare hankies, chocolates, and pence,  
And freely scatter treasure thence.  
*O that's the sort I mean to be  
When someone makes an aunt of me!*

## Portrait of a Scotswoman

By Our Country Girl

IN Auld Reekie (which some folk call Edinburgh) is a Crescent which has come down in the world.

Perhaps Sir Walter Scott took tea in one of these demure houses; now they are divided up into flats, and the owners manage to pay their rent by letting one or two rooms to lodgers. Lodgers are fairly plentiful in that centre of learning, but the students are mostly poor folk, and the landladies of the Crescent must needs prop a very small bill against the tea-pot on Saturday morning.

Of all the landladies in Edinburgh the nicest is Miss X. Her hair is white, but her skin has still the bloom of a wild rose, and there is something roguish about her smile, like a child's. Once she must have been as bonnie as a lassie in Burns. But she never married.

Her mother died early, leaving her to bring up a large family of brothers and sisters. She is still taking care of the youngest, an invalid who can do very little work. But Miss X was born to be a mother. Once, when a harried lodger complained of the noisy game of cricket in the street below, she said gently: "Children's voices never trouble me." Every day she puts out a pan of water and half a slice of bread on the window sill.

"I love the birds," she says; "they are such innocent-like little things."

She has never had time for learning much, except how to shop economically. Her lodgers are all book-eaters. One was speaking to her once of a distinguished woman surgeon, and said: "Miss H has done ten operations today."

"I couldna do it!" cried Miss X.

Bless her heart, she couldna. She can only do one thing—she can mother her sickly sister, her neighbour's children, the sparrows, and her lodgers. But she does her one thing well.

## Peter Puck's Advertisement Column

IF the anonymous cloud which had the bad taste to rain on Peter Puck's mother when she was wearing her best hat the other day will have the courage to give its name and address, Peter will call and express his opinion of such a rude assault.

A BARGAIN. Part-worn Uncle, very useful for boy fond of receiving good advice and seeing museums. Guaranteed not to encourage extravagance or gluttony. Would exchange for uncle fond of zoos, pantomimes, and bun shops, or a white rat.

AS new, bull terrier, 5s., cost £20, recently enlarged at great expense by the addition of a Persian cat, two Angora rabbits, a pedigree Pekinese, and six Buff Orpingtons. Owner going abroad.

£1 REWARD will be paid to anyone who will break into the house of a certain young gentleman's parents and remove an enlarged coloured photograph of him, aged one year, sitting on a woolly hearth-rug and wearing only his curls.

MRS. EARTH begs to thank all kind friends who have written to congratulate her on the birth of a New Year. She regrets that, at the moment, it is impossible to reply to them individually, but she is hoping to send out crocuses later on.

WE give Best Value for your second-hand crumbs, cast-off bones, etc. Songs to suit all tastes. Birds Unlimited.



## THE OLD MONK AND HIS BOOK

### A LIFE'S ENTHUSIASM TO BEAR FRUIT

#### Marvellous Page of History to See the Light at Last

#### ADVENTURES OF A GREAT MANUSCRIPT

There are many famous books in the world whose history is as marvellous as if they were living men passing through great adventures.

One of these is going to be published in Europe. It is called A History of New Spain, meaning Mexico, which to us is a very old Spain. It is the oldest book ever written in the Aztec, the Mexican tongue, and was begun almost four hundred years ago by a Spanish monk called Bernardino de Sahagun.

Bernardino sailed to Mexico in 1529 as a Franciscan missionary. Mexico had been conquered by Cortes only eight years before, and the old Aztec civilisation was not yet crushed out.

#### The Scholar's Zeal

From the first Bernardino was intensely interested in the history, customs, and rites of the old Mexican people. Soon he became quite absorbed in the subject and was glad to hand over the charge of his monastery to someone else and devote himself to study. When he had compiled the first version of his book he submitted it to a committee of the most able Mexicans he could find, threw out what they doubted, and revised the manuscript again.

By this time Sahagun could write the language of the Mexicans (Aztec) better than any Spaniard of his day, and he wrote this marvellous work, which ran to twelve books, in the Aztec tongue.

A generation passed by while he was thus employed. The Spanish monk became old. His work was his life. He had the true scholar's zeal for the chosen subject of research, and nothing would take him from it. His course was not easy, and his greatest enemies were those of his own household. His brother monks regarded his time as lost, and while Bernardino was away one day tracking down another custom he had just heard of the monks burned part of his manuscript and sent other parts away to other monasteries until the greater mass of the good monk's work was squandered.

#### Happy to be Working

The monk quickly decided on a course of action. He wrote to a high personage in Madrid, explaining the scope of his work and reporting what had happened to it. This letter he contrived to deliver into the hands of a sea captain who was sailing shortly to Spain. Sahagun settled down to wait.

Time rolled by, and another Spanish ship brought a letter from the high personage in Madrid, who knew that the old monk's work would be of priceless value as a picture of a vanishing race. The monasteries were ordered to restore to Bernardino the missing parts of the manuscript, and Bernardino was requested to translate the book into Spanish. He was now eighty, but he began the enormous task of the translation without any delay, quite happy to be able to go on working.

#### Lost for 200 Years

He arranged the work in parallel columns, like a big family Bible. In one column was the history in Spanish, in the other in Aztec. Here and there were paintings done by Mexicans themselves. Perhaps because extreme old age was on him and he thought it was better to have half a loaf than no bread, the aged monk abridged the Spanish version, leaving out a number of the Aztec stories and traditions. Even then it was a monumental work. When the precious manuscript was finished the old man sent it to Madrid, and a little time later he quietly passed away, one

## JOHNNIE GOES MARCHING HOME

Scout Sidney King has gone home, walking ashore on his own feet. He was brought from South Africa on a stretcher; he has gone back without it.

In June last year we told the story of Sidney. He was then fourteen. Three years before he had hurt his spine while playing in a Scout camp. It was more serious than anyone knew, and Sidney had to lie on his back and go about in a wheeled chair.

The doctor in East London, South Africa, could do nothing for him. He said it was a case for a great specialist in England. But, alas, Sidney had no father, and there was not much money in his home. It seemed as if he would have to remain a cripple for life.

Then a glorious thing happened. The Scouts put their heads together and presently some little notes were flying all over the Union asking Scouts to join

in helping this lame dog over a very bad stile. Before long they had raised enough money to send the boy to England.

The C.N. noted with delight that by September the great specialist was curing the crippled Scout. Sidney was able to walk about.

Now he has arrived home. A great company of Scouts and friends were waiting for him, and cheers arose as the boy who had been carried on board on a stretcher some months ago walked cheerfully down the gangway.

There was a gathering at the Sons of England Hall at East London on the night the boat arrived, and Sidney, looking very white and thin, but walking on his own feet, made a little speech, thanking everybody who had given back to him health and happiness.

What a glorious good turn the Scouts of the Union have done for Scout Sidney!

## AT SCHOOL IN THE GREAT WHITE NORTH



Going to school by dog sleigh



The boys and girls at their Far Northern school

On every Red Indian reservation in Canada there is a school for the boys and girls; and these pictures show the scholars of the school at Chippawa Hill, a remote place three-days' journey by boat from Winnipeg, in Manitoba. In winter the boys and girls find it best to go to school by dog sleigh. See page 9

of the most remarkable men the world has ever known.

No one knows quite what happened when the manuscript reached Spain, but for two hundred years it was lost sight of. Before the end of the seventeenth century historians who were interested in Mexican history spoke of it as one of the wonders of the world and bitterly lamented its loss. If only they could find it all their ideas of the ancient Aztecs would be put right.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century a historian called Munez ran the precious manuscript to earth in a convent library in Navarre, and copied the abridged Spanish version. It fell into the hands of Lord Kingsborough a generation later, and in 1830 he published Munez's transcription. Someone else produced a French version. Then a great Mexican scholar set to work to translate into Spanish the original unabridged Aztec of Bernardino, but death cut short his labours.

He was followed by another enthusiast, Professor Eduard Seler, a German, who managed to get hold of Sahagun's original manuscript, and he began translating the Aztec version into German.

Years rolled by, and then the war ploughed its bitter furrow through this peaceful field of scholarship, but the professor finished the work just before his death a few years ago. He did not make the necessary notes, but these have been added by his widow, and this famous book is to appear in Berlin.

For the first time in the history of Europe we are to be able to read in full a work which is one of the marvels of the world in its essence, its life-story, and the faith and character of the man who produced it so long ago. No doubt we shall see the old monk's great book in English. It contains a marvellous story of a civilisation dead and gone, and shows us the steps by which one fragment of the human race worked out its mysterious destiny.

## THE GREAT FLOODS

### GATHERING OF THE WATERS

The Extraordinary Results of a  
Few Inches of Rain

### IF THE LAND SHOULD RISE AND FALL

The coming of 1926 will probably be remembered in 1976, by those who are children today, as the Great Flood Year.

After the snows came the thaw to drench the land, and then down upon all fell the rains. The Earth, like a sodden sponge, could absorb no more moisture. The downfall drained into rivers and lakes and canals already fully charged, and these overflowed.

The result has been to cause floods in Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland more terrible than any others known within living memory.

#### Narrow Margin of Safety

Towns have been isolated from their neighbours, people have been flooded out of their living-rooms to their upper chambers, then on to the roofs, and finally into flight by boat. Trams, trains, and all other traffic yielded place to temporary navigation; lighting stations were swamped, factories silenced, stock swept away, heavy damage done to farm and home and industry: all this from a few inches of rain.

Here, then, is a reminder of the narrowness of the margin between the safety of scores of millions of people and a point but little remote at which the life of the most crowded countries of the Old World would be impossible. We all congregate near water, near the sea or near the rivers, canals, and lakes. The rise of the water-levels is only temporary; what if the land-levels had altered?

#### Sea-Levels and Land-Levels

The land of the whole world averages about 720 feet above sea-level; but the waters of the sea have an average depth of 12,000 feet. If sea-levels altered to match those of the land, the Earth would be covered entirely by water to a depth of over 7000 feet.

Heights of land and depths of seas naturally vary. England is a low mountain with its base in the sea. If the sea rose or the land sank only a hundred feet all the lower levels of London, Chichester, Portsmouth, Southampton, Cardiff, Hull, Newcastle, Bristol, Liverpool, and a number of other places would be submerged.

The English Channel is only a sunken valley into which the sea has entered. St. Paul's Cathedral, placed in it, would tower 220 feet above the deepest water of the Dover Strait. If the land were raised but 120 feet, the height of the London Monument, England and Ireland would be united to France, Holland, and Denmark as they used to be before the Irish Sea and the English Channel sank to turn a coastline into two separate islands.

#### The Making of England

The land went down and the sea poured in and made islanders of Continental tribes. We were shut up, and given leisure and liberty to perfect ourselves as a nation, receiving and absorbing invaders till we forged from the mingled racial elements a race which has given the world Chaucer, Drake, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, Stephenson, Faraday, and Lister, all because "little drops of water, little grains of sand" conspired, under the fostering care of Providence, to make our little land what it is. As William Watson finely says:

*Time and the ocean, and some fostering star,  
In high cabal, have made us what we are.*

We are a geological creation and a racial miracle, and we do well, when the floods lift up their voice, to recall that the turbulence of storm and inundation of rainfall are but passing evils, and that our foundations are at least as everlasting as the hills.

Pictures on page 3



## SOUTH AFRICA KEEPS FAITH

### Half a Million of Money for English Families

#### A POPULAR VISIT TO CORNWALL

A wonderful thing is happening in the families of a number of British miners who went out to the Transvaal to make their fortunes many years ago.

No less than half a million pounds is to be distributed among them by the South African Government.

There used to be a great deal of tuberculosis among the workers in the diamond mining industry, and a law was passed that compensation must be paid to the victims or their families. If they died, those deprived of their breadwinners were to be paid sums varying from £400 to £750.

At first this money was only to be paid to relatives living in South Africa. But it was the habit in the early days for the breadwinner to go out alone and send money home to his family, and it was ultimately decided that these also ought to benefit from the Compensation Law. Those who died, however, often left no record of their families' addresses, or their families moved without sending word.

#### Finding the Claimants

So now the South African Minister of Mines, Mr. Beyers, has sent two officers, one of the masters' organisation and one of the men's, to find out where the people are who have not claimed the money lying waiting for them—half a million pounds in all. All good claims will be reported to Mr. Beyers, and duly paid.

The miners went out mostly from the metal mining districts of England—especially from Cornwall, and it is said that whole villages there used to be dependent on remittances from the Rand. Mr. Williams and Mr. Martien- seen, the messengers South Africa is sending, will be very welcome visitors in these villages.

## A LITTLE OYSTER MYSTERY

### How it Works

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries is greatly puzzled by an oyster mystery, and scientists are doing their best to solve it.

An analysis of the food on which certain oysters were grown showed that 90 per cent or more of their food consisted largely of diatoms and such substances as shells. There is, in fact, some relation between the number of these fossils and diatoms eaten by the oyster and the amount of fat in the little oyster between the shells.

The fact seems to be that the oyster has not only to feed its body, but to eat the materials to build its house with, and it has been discovered that it does it in alternate shifts. While the shell is increasing rapidly in size and weight the oyster itself is thin and meagre. Then comes a period when the oyster lets the shell go to wrack and ruin for a bit while it grows plump.

The whole result of the report to which we refer is that, while fine-shelled oysters are inclined to be thin and genteel, dumpy oysters will average a smaller shell size, but will contain half as much again as the bigger ones.

## TO PREPARE FOR DISARMAMENT

### America at Geneva

President Coolidge has decided to send delegates to Geneva in response to the invitation of the League to join a Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference.

The President is clear that America "ought to give her aid and cooperation to the fullest extent consistent with policies she has adopted."

## THE FROG THAT NEVER WAS

### Mr. Announcer Caught Napping

We are very sorry to see our good friend the Announcer caught napping by the old, old story of the frog that never was.

A tale of the frog that leaped out of a rock in North Wales as the men were quarrying was told from 2 L.O. in the Children's Hour as if it were true that the frog had been imprisoned since the rock was formed. Most of the children must have known better, for the fable has been exposed again and again in the C.N., and all wise people know that there were no frogs on Earth when the rocks were laid down. Even if there were, no frog has ever lived more than a few years.

What happens in these cases is that a tiny frog creeps into a crevice of a rock, feeds on insects and specks of life that follow it in, grows too big to get out of its prison, and generally dies, unhonoured and unsung. But one day such a frog escapes in quarrying, and is hailed by those who should know better as a frog a million years old.

Tut, tut, good Mr. Announcer. Please do not tell us that a loaf has been made from mummy wheat.

## A COUNTRY JOURNEY IN AUSTRALIA

### Bullocks Attacked by Snakes

In the country parts of Australia and Tasmania wagons drawn by eight, ten, and sometimes twelve or sixteen bullocks are one of the principal means of transport.

Not long ago a man was driving a team of eight bullocks from Mount Seymour to Parattah, in Tasmania, when two tiger snakes fastened themselves on to the legs of the leading bullocks and caused a considerable panic among the team.

After much difficulty the driver was able to get the snakes off and kill them. They were between three and four feet long, and very savage. Although the bullocks were badly bitten, it was thought they would recover. Good leaders, as the two front bullocks are called, are very hard to get.

## SEA GROWING SAFER

### The Blessing of Wireless

For the three years from 1922 to 1924 the number of ships posted missing at Lloyd's averaged twenty; last year there were only ten. It is believed that this is due to the law which requires all ships of 1600 tons gross to carry wireless.

Of the ten ships missing last year all but one were without wireless; one, lost on the voyage to Amsterdam, was 1550 tons. If it had had wireless it would almost certainly have been saved. No doubt the law will soon be altered to include smaller vessels. The one ship with wireless that was lost sent out its SOS, and many ships rushed to the rescue, but it had disappeared when they reached the spot.

## AT THE TOP OF SNOWDON

### Hotel Blown Down

Three Oxford undergraduates climbed Snowdon in the recent storm. Half-way up the wind was so terrific that they had to go down on their hands and knees. A thick mist came on, but fortunately cleared.

When they got to the top it was perfectly calm. But that could not have been for long, for they found that the hotel at the summit, the highest in Britain, had had the whole of one side and most of the roof blown away. The furniture had been blown out and frozen to the ground.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Switzerland now has over sixteen thousand radio receiving sets.

At one railway station in Hull 552 metal discs were found in automatic machines in a single month.

#### Founder of the Good Templars

Mr. Joseph Malins, the founder of the Order of Good Templars, has died after a long and zealous life of 82 years.

#### The Greatest Book

More than ten million Bibles were issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society last year.

#### Income Tax in France

Only ten thousand French people paid income tax in 1924 on incomes of over £1700 a year.

#### A Village and Its Sons

Madame Melba's father was born in the same Scottish village as Sir J. M. Barrie (Kirriemuir).

#### The American Film

About £25,000,000 worth of American films were imported into this country last year.

#### A Beloved Bishop

The Bishop of Thetford, Dr. Bowers, has died in his sleep. Everybody loved him, and he loved everybody.

#### A Life-Saving Drug

A drug discovered in 1915 in Germany is now thought to have valuable life-saving properties through its power of stimulating breathing.

#### An Old Man's Ride

A Wesleyan minister who has just died at 92 learned to cycle after he was 60, and rode 42,000 miles between 70 and 87, when he gave it up.

#### Kew No Longer Free

A charge of a penny is now being made for admission to Kew Gardens on all days except students' days, when the charge is sixpence.

#### All-the-Year-Round Bees.

As an experiment, a British Columbia beekeeper has shipped his bees to Australia while it is winter in Canada, so that they may produce all the year round.

#### Waterproof Matches

Waterproof matches are now being made, their heads composed of rubber latex mixed with explosive material, the whole being afterwards vulcanised.

#### Adventures of a Watch

Lost for over a year, a watch has been found in some straw in a Lincolnshire pigsty. Except for a broken glass it was undamaged, and ticked away after being wound up.

#### Garden City Rents

The new Council houses at Welwyn Garden City are already paying their way, though it is estimated that the average rent is less than that for pre-war houses in West Ham.

#### The Bournville Players

We gather from an admirable booklet on Bournville that these great works now have nearly 200 summer and winter playing teams, and about 1000 players this winter.

#### 9000 Bombs

It is stated in a new book that 9000 bombs, weighing in all 280 tons, were dropped on British soil from 103 airships and aeroplanes during the war, 1413 people being killed.

#### A Remarkable Fact from Fleet Street

It has been recorded that Sir John Le Sage, who died not long ago after managing the Daily Telegraph for 50 years, never used the telephone in his life—a feat unparalleled in Fleet Street.

#### A Road Made for Missionaries

A Methodist minister testifies that Nigerian natives made a five-mile road, cutting down many trees, so that a missionary motor-car might pass to bring to them a visiting deputation.

#### Up-to-Date Winnipeg

A signal which is marked Go and Stop and is illuminated in colours at night is used in Winnipeg to direct the traffic at a busy crossing. A reader tells us that it was adopted there long before the Germans thought of the traffic signals we referred to the other day.

## SUNDAY IN SPAIN

### No News for Two Days GOVERNMENT'S WAY OUT

How many people who like their neighbours to have restful Sundays realise that it is not the Sunday paper but the Monday paper that must be put together on Sunday? That is why in Spain there are no papers from Sunday morning till Monday evening, instead of from Saturday evening till Monday morning.

But the long interval is very inconvenient to the public. The other day, when a great statesman died, the account of his funeral appeared on Monday evening in the same edition as the announcement of his death, so that many people who would have wished to be at the funeral did not know of it till too late.

The Spanish Government proposed that there should be a single newspaper published on Sunday evenings and Monday mornings by the Press Association, but to this the journalists objected strongly; they wanted to keep their Sunday rest. They persuaded the Press Association to refuse the Government request, and now the Government has started an official Gazette on Sundays as a small four-page newspaper. How far the public will think it worth buying remains to be seen.

## MUSIC GOES TO AMERICA AND BACK

### What Happened in the Night

In the silent watches of the night the Broadcasting Station at Daventry called up America to send it a wireless concert fifteen minutes long; and the American arials gathered it in and relayed it through the States as a pleasant bedtime surprise.

But that was not all. The echoing strains were still being heard in America when the American broadcasting station sent it back across the Atlantic. It fell on listening ears at Daventry, which had thus the strange experience of hearing their own programme returning to them, after a journey of 4000 miles out and 4000 miles home.

The music, travelling back and forth with the speed of light, had passed the flying hours on its outward journey, and had come back so fast that it might have seemed that the Earth had stood still to let the aerial travellers pass.

Actually there are no silent watches of the night now, for somewhere on this Earth, night and day, every hour and every minute is filled with some electric wave of sound.

## NOBEL PRIZES FOR NEGROES

### Recognising Fine Work by America's Dark Sons

An excellent new scheme for encouraging good work has been thought out. What the Nobel prizes do for the world the Harmon Foundation is going to attempt for the American Negro.

As the Nobel prize is given every year to the man or woman who has done the finest piece of work for the good of mankind in each of half a dozen different spheres of usefulness, so the fund established by Mr. William E. Harmon is to give prizes to American Negroes "for distinguished achievements in creative and original work."

There will be seven prizes each year for work in literature, music, fine arts, industry and business, science and invention, education and religion. An eighth prize will be for the citizen—black, white, or coloured—who does most during the year to improve the relations of the two races in America.

The choosing of the prize winners is to be controlled by the Federal Council of the American Churches. The prizes are a gold medal and £80.



## THE LITTLE RED FOLK AT SCHOOL

### BETTER THAN THE FILMS

#### Notes from a Red Indian School Where the C.N. Goes

#### CHILDREN'S WAYS AND GAMES

Anyone who judges the North American Indians by what they see of them at the cinemas would suppose them to be wild people who spend their time in burning the homes of white settlers or shooting passing travellers from behind a tree.

That is the worst of the sort of films shown in our great cities; they are not true. They are not in the least like the real Red Indian or his doings. In fact the Red Indian seen at the picture-houses does not exist. There were such scenes occasionally a hundred years ago; but for half a century past the Red Indians have lived a life of peace, under treaties made between them and the white men's Governments.

#### At Chippawa Hill

These treaties provide that every tribe of Red Indians shall have a school in the region reserved for the tribe, and there has been for many years a school in almost every settlement. On another page is a photograph of the children of such a school, and the teacher has sent us notes of his experience in teaching North American Indian boys and girls for the last twenty years or so.

This picture shows a mixed day school at Chippawa Hill, a remote place about three days' journey by boat from Winnipeg, in Canada. The children go to school daily, as British children go, and although they use the Cree language in their homes they are quite able to get along in English, and are very eager to learn it at school.

#### Music and Language

They have just the same school excitements as British children have. They know what a school-treat is. They break up for holidays. They have concerts to entertain their parents, and they take their books home to show what progress they are making.

They are very fond of singing, and delight in learning new songs, which are very helpful in their use of English. They must sing in English, for the tunes will not fit their native language. They can draw maps, and particularly they like to draw studies from Nature, such as birds and flowers; and they will make up pictures for their reading-book stories. They read English and Canadian history.

#### Sleighting to School

The only school-lesson they do not like is drilling. They cannot see why it is necessary. Perhaps that is because they get plenty of exercise in other ways. It is their duty to chop wood for the house fires, and often they have to walk a long way to school. In winter they like to get hold of a dog and ride on a sleigh. Often there will be a dozen dogs outside the school. Sometimes the dogs will break out into a general fight, and then a boy will go out and stop them and come back to his lessons as if nothing had happened.

At their dinner time they play football, baseball, hide-and-seek, touch, and sometimes they dance. They are very fond of dancing. They rarely get into mischief. They will make a fire in the playground, put on a kettle, make tea for themselves, and never fail to put out the fire. They are always careful with fire, and even the smallest has more sense than to play with it.

In our picture they are wearing moccasins made from the hide of the moose and filled with rabbit fur. These are much warmer than boots, but in summer time they get wet. The children know what moving pictures are,

## THE LADY OF LEBANON

### A Brave Little Woman

#### TEACHER'S INFLUENCE-AMONG THE SYRIANS

The newspapers have been full of the wretched campaign which the French Government is waging in Syria against the warlike tribes of the Druses, but few seem to have heard in our part of the world of the little Syrian lady whose influence may yet be more powerful than that of any politician.

This lady, Miss Fareedah el Akl, has spent over fifty years in the country of Syria, both in cities like Beyrout and in the recesses of the mountains of Lebanon, working unselfishly for the education and betterment of Christian, Moslem, and Druse alike. All along the coast, all through the hills, her gentle and brave example has flamed like a beacon of hope before the eyes of the people who have suffered so much from war and riot and revolt, unceasing and ruthless, ever since the outbreak of the Great War. Miss Fareedah taught the grandparents of the children who now look to her as their teacher, so that her influence is no passing matter, but is rooted in three generations of devotion and loyalty, of gratitude and confidence.

#### In the War Zone

She was educated by the Quakers in the town of Brummana, and was a teacher at the English and American schools of Syria. Through the miseries of famine and destruction which the people of Beyrout endured in the war, until the British armies rescued them from the Turks, she stuck to her task, bringing help and comfort to those who had lost all hope in such things. And when General Gouraud was still in office she succeeded in persuading him to relax the severe burden of taxation which was making it impossible for the women teachers of Beyrout to live and go on with their work.

Now she is moving to and fro between the mountain villages and the coastal towns, taking no part in the sad conflict which is devastating Syria save to the utmost extent to which she can exercise her influence as mediator. Utterly fearless and unselfish, she braves all the perils of the war zone, and though at the moment the fierce tribesmen of the hills, in their anger at the conduct of their French rulers, are not inclined to listen to any argument but that of arms, it is to be hoped that when summer comes Miss Fareedah will have added yet another victory to her record.

"Such a brave little lady," says one who knows her, "and so little thanked or recognised!"

Continued from the previous column

though many of them have never seen them, or a train, or a motor-car.

In many distant places it is necessary for the teacher to get everything for the house and school once a year, such as pencils, books, and prizes. He must remember all he will need. The post only comes once a month, or in some places once in two months, and it carries only small parcels. Last winter the teacher did not know it had arrived when he got to the school, but the children told him that "The mail is coming yesterday night," which was their way of saying it had come last night.

English boys and girls would soon find out that Red Indian boys and girls know how to work in school, and how to play in the playground, and if they could not speak Cree the little ones would soon make themselves understood in English. "You know him hide-and-seek," they would say, and away they would go, and it would be really hard to find their hiding-places. We send our greetings to those little brothers and sisters of ours so far away.

Pictures on page 7

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### The Singer of the Cottage

On January 25, 1759, Robert Burns was born. One of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire peasant named Robert Burns.

CARLYLE

Search Scotland over, from the Pentlands to the Solway, and there is not a cottage hut so poor and wretched as to be without its Bible; and hardly one that, on the same shelf and next to it, does not treasure a Burns. LOCKHART

A peasant born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain: snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly, with nightingale pauses, till he dies. LORD ROSEBERY

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### At What Rate Does the Moon Travel?

The Moon's speed in its orbit is 2288 miles an hour, or 3357 feet a second.

#### What is the King's Bounty?

A sum of money sent to any British woman who becomes the mother of triplets.

#### Is the Sun Stationary?

No; it is rushing through space with the solar system towards a point near the bright star Vega at the rate of 12 miles a second.

#### What is the Food Value of the Tomato?

According to Dr. Edmund J. Spriggs there are 106 calories in a pound of tomatoes as against 116 in onions, 298 in bananas, 624 in eggs, 1200 in bread, and 1620 in fat beef.

#### What is the Origin of the Term Charwoman?

The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *Chere*, a turn, later spelled *cher* and then *chare*, and the meaning of *charwoman* is a woman who does a turn of work.

#### What is the Origin of the Expression "Great Scott"?

This exclamation of surprise is said to be derived from an American, General Winfield Scott, a presidential candidate.

#### How Many Sons Had Queen Alexandra?

Three; the present King, George V.; his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who died on January 14, 1892; and Prince John, born in 1871, who lived only one day.

#### In what Direction would the Compass Needle Point on the South Pole?

If the compass needle were free when taken to either the North or South Pole it would dip directly down toward the Pole and stand perpendicular.

#### Who Was the Author of the Lines Beginning "On With the Dance"?

The words "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined," were written by Lord Byron and occur in Canto 3, Stanza 22, of *Childe Harold*.

#### What is the Origin of the Convict's Broad Arrow?

The broad arrow on a convict's clothes and on naval and military stores is the mark of Government ownership. It was the crest of Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney, Master-General of the Ordnance in the 17th century, who used this mark to identify Government property for which he was responsible.

#### How May a Person Become a Naturalised British Subject?

The details would occupy too much space to be given here fully, but they may be seen summarised in Whitaker's Almanack or may be obtained free on application to the Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W. At present the naturalisation fee is £10, but it is fixed by the Government of the day and varies.

#### What is the Cause of a Parrot Plucking Out its Feathers?

The exact cause is not yet perfectly known, but it is generally supposed to be due to improper management of some kind. No certain cure is known, says Dr. Karl Russ, but the bird may be helped by having plenty of wood to gnaw; also lime and sand, and the withholding of all titbits and unnatural food.

## STARS OF THE MORNING

### SATURN ALMOST AT HIS BRIGHTEST

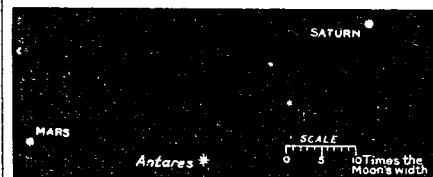
### Light from a Giant Sun that Takes 112 Years to Reach Us

### IF MARS CAME NEAR THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

Mars and Saturn, the two worlds now adorning the early morning sky, will provide us with a rare fund of fascination during this year as our Earth gradually approaches them and they, in consequence, become more prominent in our night skies.

At present both Mars and Saturn may be easily identified in the south-east until about an hour before sunrise—about 7 a.m.; for they, together with the first-magnitude star Antares, are by far the brightest objects visible in that part of the sky. They are arranged as shown on our star-map. Saturn appears a little brighter than the other two; but Mars, though the least brilliant, is much the



Saturn, Antares, and Mars in the south-east sky

nearest of the three, being about 190 million miles away, whereas Saturn is 900 million miles from us.

The colossal sun Antares is, however, 735,723 times as far as Saturn—an inconceivable distance.

A better conception may be obtained if we consider that whereas the light from Saturn has been but one hour and about 13 minutes reaching us, that from Antares, though travelling at the same rate, has been 112 years getting here; while light from Mars has taken but little more than 16 minutes.

To be so bright at such a vast distance Antares must indeed be immense, and this has been proved to be so by interferometer measurements.

We now know that though Mars is 190 million miles away Antares would stretch all the way from our world to Mars and as far again beyond him. Were Antares where our Sun is our Earth and Mars, too, would both have to revolve inside that great sun, or get farther off.

#### Half-a-Crown a Mile Away

We thus learn that these three orbs, Mars, Saturn, and Antares, though so similar to the eye, are in reality vastly different. Even in a small telescope the difference is obvious, superb Saturn revealing his magnificent appendage of rings, and at least one or two of his retinue of ten satellites; while the tiny disc of Mars is just perceptible to the eye at present, appearing barely one-third the width of Saturn. Saturn has, moreover, his rings widely open, so that he should appear this year almost at his brightest to the naked eye, though later on Mars will far outshine him.

Just now the little globe of Mars appears only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds of arc in width, that is, about the size of half-a-crown seen a mile away; and as 350 half-crowns would be necessary at that distance to form a line across the face of the Moon, we learn that the apparent disc of the Moon is at present about 380 times the width of the apparent disc of Mars.

But if Mars were side by side with our Moon, and at the same distance, he would be seen to be nearly twice the width, 4200 miles as compared with 2160. If only Mars were as near what a wealth of interest there would be for us! Then, in the most powerful telescopes, an area as large as Hyde Park would be perceptible and the light of a town like London quite obvious.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** Venus and Uranus south-west in the evening. Saturn and Mars south-east in the morning.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 31 Kendall and Garry

IN Old Quad you could catch from the playing-fields a muffled and rhythmic sound which for months had been stilled. But here it was once more, that right pleasant music which the cricket bat and the cricket ball make together; of soft green turf and of glorious days in the sunshine; of achieving; of looking forward; of looking back when the day is done; of friendships that spring when eleven are striving as one and none is playing his own hand but each plays for all.

Many of Eastborough's sons whose cricket is over, whenever they hear the strains of that bat-and-ball music, drift back in memory to long drives in the twilight through the deep and leafy lanes where the dusk is gathering. In their ears once more the jangle of pole and traces, the tap-tap of the harness rising and falling, the choruses they chanted, the talks that they talked, as their brake and pair bore them home from some distant match—long before the motor-coach ousted Shepherd's brown horses.

Tom Shepherd's business is there still, at the hill's foot; and still the Army Class jobs its horses at Shepherd's. But gone are those stables, all ivy and mellow red tile, and the hay-lofts above (where Paull Major lay hid for two days when he ran away), and the yard in a huddle and jostle of dog-carts and traps, and of wagonettes that stood with their shafts in the air; and gone that ancient coach which, the story ran, served the Bath Road in the stirring times of Dick Turpin, with its yawning boot and a holster for the guard's blunderbuss.

And gone, too, Tom Shepherd himself. But not gone, nor ever to fade, the picture we keep of him. That full red face of his, the white hat he wore when he drove us, the way his cheeks blew out when he chirruped his pair, and that long curling lash which for ever flicked flies off their manes; his ponderous frame, and the gentleness that accompanied it. Who ever caught a nasty word on his lips? And who ever heard the like of the yarns he would spin?

Everywhere, in every queer corner of the world, wherever Eastborough men of his day may chance to foregather, quick as a password from one to the other is tossed, "Do you remember Tom Shepherd?"

But today—in Garry's day—it is a throbbing motor-coach which is waiting to carry the team through the lanes to Stoke Ferry. And Garry was watching the stir with a moody face.

Here was the beginning of his last term. Cricket had bustled in. He had borne a hand with the rest in putting up the senior nets on Big Side, and had pushed to the front of the small fry who would gather behind and stand, with their noses almost in the net's meshes, to watch Peterson strut to the wicket to loosen his shoulders, and Crauford and Mostyn bumping them down from the stump.

This time last year when the cricket season began Garry had watched the big men practising on Big Side just as he has been doing the last few days. But then with what different feelings; in what different mood! His eyes had shone with elation and eagerness then; now they are very wistful and broody with longing; the sight brings back every pang with a rush. In the forefront of all his thoughts the old pain is marching. He will never practise now at those nets! He will never take the place on Big Side that was waiting for him.

And this morning, as he is watching the coach filling up and fags with cricket bags arrive at the trot, he is telling himself that never will it be his to clamber into that coach, drop his bag at his feet, as often

and often he had done in his day-dreams.

He turned away and went slowly back to the House. The throaty hoot of the coach as it curved through the gates and rattled into the high road came to his ears.

"Lucky dogs, the First Eleven!" a voice said behind him. "A whole holiday for them! While we have to work!"

He looked round and saw Kendall eyeing him queerly.

The bell went and they bustled back to the House, but after Third Lesson he found Kendall at his side again. Kendall said, without any beating about the bush: "Go-Bang, old man, do you mind if we have a jaw?"

The "Go-Bang" brought a faint grin to Garry's lips.

"What do you want to jaw about?" he responded.

Kendall looked uncomfortable. Both were aware that the one-time easy relations between them had never been quite the same since Feddon had stepped in; or, rather, since Garry had tried to link Feddon up with them. Garry had thought that the old footing would be restored, and on that occasion last term, when Kendall had showed his heart but had ended up by finding a new name for Garry, Garry had really believed that the soreness was healed. And healed in one sense it was. But both were still conscious of it.

On his part Kendall could not alter his feelings, and his nature was too transparent to keep them disguised. Nor could Garry alter his. Who can?

Kendall felt his nose out of joint (as the saying goes). Perhaps he did not make the allowance he should have made for the wholeheartedness with which Garry threw himself into a cause; and forgot that it was not Garry who was tiring of him, but that Garry felt that Feddon had the more need of him.

Garry felt this. That his friend might be more responsive, more genuinely cordial to Feddon. Maybe Garry, in his turn, overlooked the fact that he himself had seen into Feddon's heart, whereas Kendall had seen no more than the Feddon whom all saw.

Thus, however it be, the position between them; a position which neither analysed in his reflections. But it peeped out in their intercourse with one another.

Kendall uttered now in an uneasy voice:

"I don't see how you can go on like this much longer." He waited. Garry kept silence. "You know what I mean, Garry. When is your old row with The Conclave going to be finished?"

"When Soppy Tadworth throws up the sponge," Garry grinned.

## CHAPTER 32 Kendall and Feddon

GARRY did not mean the grin to annoy, but it did.

"Oh, I'm fed up!" Kendall exclaimed, with a stamp of his foot. "You are spoiling yourself. You know what happened last term. You ended it up with row after row for scrapping. You were getting into hot water all round, Garry. The beaks don't know what your row with The Conclave's about. And the prefects don't know. They all had their knife into you."

"Yes," said Garry quietly; "I daresay. Soppy and his mob are too artful for me. They always managed to make out that the scraps were my starting. They always slipped out and wangled the blame on me. And someone gave me a hint that Soppy told Crauford that I'd got a surly hump because I was leaving, and didn't care a hang how I carried on."

"Well, why didn't you put yourself straight with Crauford?"

Garry's lip curled. "I don't fight that way," he answered.

"Well, may I put you straight? Can I tell The Maypole?"

"How could you, Kendall? You don't fight that way either. I'm fighting Soppy straight. He's fighting me crooked."

"Why don't you chuck it? They're not badgering Feddon. They would be if they hadn't me to reckon with."

"They wouldn't if Feddon would speak to Soppy."

"He won't speak to Soppy. Not until Soppy apologises. So that's that," said Garry.

"But this term?" Kendall said, with a frown and a pause. "You've started in the same way, and I do wish you'd stop it. You're only going to get yourself more and more barred, and have a thin time when you might have a great one."

"I can't help the way that I'm built," was the slow answer. "And if you think I'm enjoying it you're mistaken."

"I know you're not. I'm not blind!" Kendall cried sharply.

"Look here, old man, I'll tell you something," said Garry. "About ten days ago, directly the term had begun, I went to Tadworth and Lubbock and offered them to cry quits. I told them that I was sick of the whole business, and that if they would leave Feddon alone we'd forget all about it. That was a fair and square enough offer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Kendall admitted.

"Right! Soppy sneered in my face and called me a lift boy. 'I don't have any truck with lift boys,' he said. That was all his answer. And when I'd gone off he and Nightingale found Feddon writing home and bagged the letter and started shamming to read it."

"They didn't read it."

"I don't suppose they did. But they shammed to read it; they were shouting bits out to the day-room; all about 'my pal the lift boy who's come back this term in brass buttons.' Garry's features set grimly, every freckle seemed to stand out. "That is the spirit that Tadworth has come back in," he ended. "I never dreamed that a person could keep his spite up so, could be so positively venomous. Ken, I never thought that Soppy was that sort. And I don't think he is as a rule. The only way I can account for it is that there must be a kink in him somewhere."

"And Feddon's found it. And Feddon makes Soppy see red."

"It's queer," said Garry. "But it looks like it."

They kept silence a moment; then Kendall touched Garry's arm. "I wish," he said, in a strained voice, "you'd chuck it all up."

"I wish I could," Garry answered, under his breath.

"But you won't?"

"No; I've got to see it through. I must, Ken."

## MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

The February number of My Magazine, which is waiting for you now on the bookstalls everywhere, is filled from cover to cover with good things of compelling interest. Here are a few of its contents taken at random from a long list.

**An Event of Our Generation**  
The Transformation of the Garden of England

**The Chronicle of the Middle Ages**  
An Hour with Froissart

**Lord of the Forest**  
An article on the Jaguar by W. H. Hudson

**The Plant Kingdom's Staff of Life**  
The Dancing Imp of the Table

**Faces in the Wild**  
Portraits of Friends New and Old, Beautifully Printed in Photogravure

**Opening the Door to Unknown Worlds**  
What Has Been Done

Of course there are hosts of pictures in colours and photogravure, and stories, poems, and puzzles. If you wish to see this wonderful shillingsworth you must buy it today. Tomorrow may be too late! Ask for

**MY MAGAZINE**  
ONE SHILLING

Kendall flung away; came back again. "Let's have a good term together," he begged, for the last time. "Do let Feddon drop, Garry. What does he matter to you?" His eyes fastened themselves on Garry's stubborn, stiff face. "Come on," he entreated, "be your old self again, Fuzzy Face."

"Oh," Garry breathed, wincing, "don't go over all that old ground again!"

Kendall stiffened. "All right," he jerked, "I've—I've finished." And, without another word, he turned round and went.

He sat very glumly through dinner, and would not respond when Garry tried to talk about the team's chances, wondering how they were doing, how many wickets Crauford would take, and whether Peterson would start off the season with a century. But he could get nothing out of Kendall except Yes and No, and he abandoned the attempt. More than once when he looked up he found Tadworth's eyes fixed on him with a kind of sour meditation; and once he encountered Feddon's, which fluttered and fell. It struck him that Feddon was looking paler this term. It struck him, too, that for the last couple of days he had somehow or other hardly spoken to Feddon.

He looked round for him for a moment or two after dinner before rushing off to change for the game on Lower Ground, where the School House Colts were playing the Colts of the Red House. There, too, when this match was well under way, Feddon wandered up and threw himself down on the grass. The School House was fielding; his gaze never left Garry's figure.

To this solitary watcher lying apart there presently came another, who dropped down beside him. For several minutes the newcomer made no remark, but was plucking absent-mindedly at the grass. Then there came from him abruptly: "You've come to watch Garry?"

"Yes, Kendall," Feddon said dreamily.

Kendall lifted his body higher on his elbows, propped his chin on one hand, and, fingering the grass still, said next in a queerly thick voice: "Feddon, you've changed Garry awfully."

Feddon started.

"I've changed him!" he uttered.

Not looking at his companion, Kendall went on: "Oh, I know you didn't mean to, but look what you've done. Garry used to be popular, now he's always in rows with the day-room. People don't like him; they say he's so raw and cantankerous."

With a restless movement Feddon breathed, "Yes, I know that."

"Don't you see, if you hadn't been here all this wouldn't have happened. Tadworth's not a malicious chap, taken all round, and, unless you'd fallen so foul of him and his gang Garry wouldn't be having such a poor time." Kendall's voice relented. "Yes, I know you don't mean it," he repeated. "You're not willingly spoiling Garry's last term at the school."

"Spoiling it!" Feddon echoed in a choked tone, as a spasm of emotion passed over his face. "Spoiling it, did you say, Kendall? I'm spoiling it for him?"

"Well, aren't you? Can't you see for yourself that you are? The last term wasn't too cheerful; you know as well as I do he doesn't like leaving; and now what a wind-up he looks like having!" Kendall stopped, and stared at the game in a stony silence. "And he might," he jerked, "have had such a fine time."

Feddon was also staring now straight in front of him with a face that was grey and drawn and eyes that saw nothing. Presently he drew his frail figure erect, and thus for a moment stood, his hands hanging limply.

He gave Kendall a wan little smile.

"If you don't mind," he stammered, "I think—I'll go in now."

He turned, and very slowly went back to the House.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## A Brilliant Failure

A VERY handsome youth who lived in Greece about 24 centuries ago seemed to be endowed with every possession which could be desired.

In addition to good looks he owned a high ancestry, extraordinary mental powers, and vast wealth. Yet, despite his ability, there was in his nature a vein of frivolity which led him into wrong paths, so that he indulged in wanton excesses, manifested a childish fondness for notoriety, and allowed an intense selfishness to take possession of him.

Socrates, realising the great possibilities in the youth, tried to win him to paths of virtue and public good; but all in vain, though the philosopher had once saved his life. A few years later the rich young aristocrat saved the philosopher's life; but, though they were thus intimately associated, the teaching of Socrates had little lasting effect on the young man.

When about 28 he began to take a keen interest in public affairs, and always seems to have been a leader of the war party in days when it was far easier and more popular to make war than peace.

He was appointed commander of an expedition going on a mission of conquest to a foreign realm, but the busts of a god having been mutilated in his native city he was accused of this, and summoned home to stand his trial. He escaped to a rival State, and in his absence was sentenced to death.

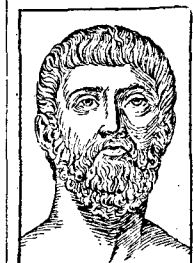
Thereupon he became the avowed enemy of his country and ingratiated himself with his new friends. But he also made enemies, and once more had to flee to another country, where he stirred up his latest friends to show hostility to those he had just left.

A reconciliation with his fellow countrymen followed, and he won some great victories for their armies, so that in his native city he was once again acclaimed a hero and made commander-in-chief of all the country's land and sea forces.

A defeat of his lieutenant in his absence, however, gave his enemies at home an opportunity of denouncing him, and he went into voluntary exile. He warned his countrymen, who were engaged in a war with a powerful empire, against a certain line of action, but the warning was not heeded and a great defeat followed.

He was now banished and took refuge with a foreign ruler. One dark night a band of armed

men set his house on fire, and when he rushed out, sword in hand, he was slain. Whether the assassins were political or private enemies has never been settled. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# The Cold Winds Sweep Across the Hills



## D! MERRYMAN

"WHY didn't you come before tea?" asked the host.  
"Well," replied the guest, "I came after T in order to see U."

□ □ □

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

My first is in building but not in hall,  
My second's in fencing but not in wall,  
My third is in cricket but not in game,  
My fourth is in vicious but not in time,  
My fifth is in sentence but not in word,  
My sixth is in jackdaw but not in bird,  
My seventh's in treasure but not in trove,  
My eighth is in crimson but not in mauve,  
My ninth is in crinkled but not in curled,  
My whole is respected all over the world.

Solution next week

### Practice Makes Perfect

JOAN was told to practise the piano for half an hour after lunch, so she went into the other room to do so. Her father, however, could not hear her playing, so after a while he called out:

"Why aren't you practising, Joan?"  
"Oh, but I am, Daddy!" was the reply.

"Then why can't I hear you?"  
"Because I am practising the rests."

□ □ □

### Do You Live at Plaistow?

THIS name of a London suburb, which forty years ago was a country district, is spelled in old documents Plegstow, and that is an Old English word meaning playground. Probably it was a place to which Londoners resorted for recreation.

□ □ □

### Helpful Information

NEAR a little village where floods usually followed heavy rain a thoughtful countryman nailed this notice to the fence at the roadside:  
When this board is under water the road is impassable.

□ □ □

### Come-Alive Characters



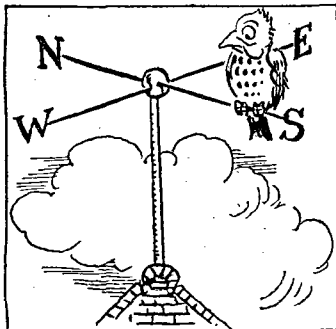
A Happy Partnership

"LET'S take a walk," the Cane proposed,  
"Let's roam about together,  
For while we're thus in company  
We needn't mind the weather.  
For I shall give us style and tone  
If sunshine lies before us,  
While if it rains you'll play your part  
And spread a shelter o'er us."

WHY is a Treasury note for £1 better than a gold sovereign? Because when you fold the note you double it, and when you open it again you find it in creases.

□ □ □

### A Place in the Sun



"THE North is cold—it nips one's claws,  
And freezes up the water,  
So I'll perch South," this bird remarked,  
"For that's the warmest quarter."

□ □ □

### An Easy Enigma

A WORD of three syllables seek till you find  
That in it are twenty-six letters combined.

Solution next week

□ □ □

WHAT is the difference between a sharp knife and a blunt one?  
One cuts thoroughly, and the other cuts, tho' roughly.

□ □ □

### The Boy who Wondered Why

I KNOW a curious little boy  
Who is always asking Why?  
Why this, why that, why then, why now,  
Why not, why by and by?

He wants to know why wood should swim,  
When lead and marbles sink;  
Why stars should shine and winds should blow,  
And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know what makes the clouds,  
And why they cross the sky;  
Why sinks the Sun behind the hills,  
And why the flowers die.

He wants to know why wind should come  
From out the bellows' nose;  
Why pop-guns should go pop and why  
The ocean ebbs and flows.

He wants to know why fish have gills,  
And why boys cannot fly;  
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout,  
And rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn,  
And not a bit of stone;  
How seeds get in the apple-core,  
And marrow in the bone.

Some of his whys are not too hard  
To answer, if you'll try;  
But others—no one ever yet  
Has found the reason why.

The best way in the world to answer all these questions is found in the Children's Encyclopedia, of which a prospectus will be sent on request by the Educational Book Co., 17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

□ □ □

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Chair, hair, air  
Built-Up Names  
Swansea, Gainsborough, Waterford, Bombay, Goldsmith.  
Buried Plants  
Rose, sage, tomato, fern, rosemary

## Jacko Chooses a New Coat

JACKO was very pleased when his mother looked at his overcoat one morning and said he wanted a new one. He generally had Adolphus's old coats cut down to fit him. He was delighted at the idea of having a brand new coat of his own for once. And he asked Mrs. Jacko if he could run down to the shop and choose it right away.

Mrs. Jacko wasn't very keen on that. She said she would very much rather choose the coat herself, and make sure that it was serviceable. But Jacko was determined to have a say in the matter, and he nipped off to the shop the moment his mother's back was turned.

"Coats, sir? Certainly, sir!" said the shopman. "We have the best selection in Monkeyville."

But Jacko wasn't at all keen on the coats the man showed him. They weren't nearly bright enough for his liking. "I've never seen such a dull lot of coats in my life!" he said at last.



Jacko was not at all keen on any of them

The man was very annoyed. He called Jacko a young rascal, and said he believed that he was just wasting his time and hadn't the money to pay for the coat in any case. Which was perfectly true.

Jacko said that his mother was going to pay for the coat, but the man didn't believe him.

"Be off!" he roared, "or I'll fetch a policeman!" And he jumped over the counter and chased Jacko round the shop.

Jacko didn't find it very difficult to give him the slip; there were a lot of things to hide behind in the shop. And at last he crept through a door while the man wasn't looking.

But instead of finding himself in the street, as he had hoped, Jacko found himself in the shop window, among a lot of wax figures. And, as he didn't dare to go back into the shop, he was in a nice fix.

But suddenly he had a bright idea. He put on a hat and coat that he found in the window, and stood so still that when the shopman popped his head round the corner a few minutes later he took Jacko to be one of the wax figures.

And all would have been well if Mrs. Jacko hadn't come along and looked at the window from the outside. She didn't recognise Jacko, but she liked the coat he had put on, and went into the shop and asked to have it shown to her.

"I think it would suit my little boy," she said. "I wish he were here to try it on."

But she soon found that Jacko was there when the shopman went to fetch the coat. He gave one yell and made for the door, leaving his mother to do the shopping!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### A Diving Champion

When she was a very little girl Miss Meany was terribly chagrined at discovering that she was what they call knock-kneed. Yes, the very same Miss Helen Meany who now flashes down from the heights into still pools with the grace and swiftness of an osprey.

"What particular course of exercise cured that?" her teacher was asked by a spectator. "For the matter of knock-knees is not uncommon, and these afflicted would like to know."

"Just swimming and keeping at it," replied the quiet coach. "Swimming as an exercise works many miracles."

### Une Championne de Plongeon

Lorsqu'elle était petite Miss Meany fut fort attristée de découvrir qu'elle était ce qu'on appelle cagneuse. Parfaitement, cette même Miss Helen Meany qui aujourd'hui plonge comme un éclair des hauteurs dans un étang dormant avec la grâce et la rapidité de l'orfraie.

Un spectateur demanda un jour à son entraîneur: "Quel cours d'exercices a guéri ce défaut? Car les genoux cagneux ne sont pas rares, et ceux qui en sont affligés voudraient le savoir."

"Simplement la natation, sans se lasser," répondit le calme entraîneur. "En fait d'exercice la natation accomplit bien des miracles."

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Scamp

JANE loved all the animals on Daddy's farm. But they all belonged to Daddy, and Jane did so want one of her very own.

One day Jane went to see Farmer Joblin, who had two lovely big black dogs called Soot and Smut. His son Joe was Jane's great friend.

Directly Jane appeared Joe ran to her, shouting, "Smut has a puppy!"

They ran round to the courtyard by the kitchen and there, sure enough, was a lovely little ball of black fluff rolled up beside Smut.

"Oh, Joe, you are a lucky boy!" said Jane.

"What is Joe lucky about?" asked Farmer Joblin, coming out of the kitchen door.

"To have a puppy," replied Jane wistfully.

"Well, Joe, suppose we give him to Jane," suggested Farmer Joblin.

"Not really!" cried Jane. "Can you spare him, Joe?"

"Yes, really," said Farmer Joblin and Joe together.

When Joe took Jane the puppy she said Jane must name him. While Jane thought the puppy gambolled all over the place, and was just frightening a sedate hen across the courtyard when Jane's Daddy appeared.

"Here, you scamp, where did you come from?" he asked.

"Daddy's done it," said Jane. "Scamp is his name!"

And a great scamp he was, but he did love Jane.

Daddy was worried because he could not get in his fine



He did love Jane

potato crop fast enough. He smiled when Jane offered to help and said she might try. Jane said, "Could Joe help too?" Daddy replied, "The more the merrier." Scamp was listening.

Jane and Joe, of course, tried who could collect the dug-up potatoes faster. Joe, being bigger, began to get ahead. Then Jane's pail began to fill. Suddenly they heard Daddy laughing.

The children looked up, and there was Scamp dropping a stone into Jane's pail.

Joe was indignant. But Jane said he was a darling—he was trying to help her.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 23, 1926  
Every Thursday, 2d.

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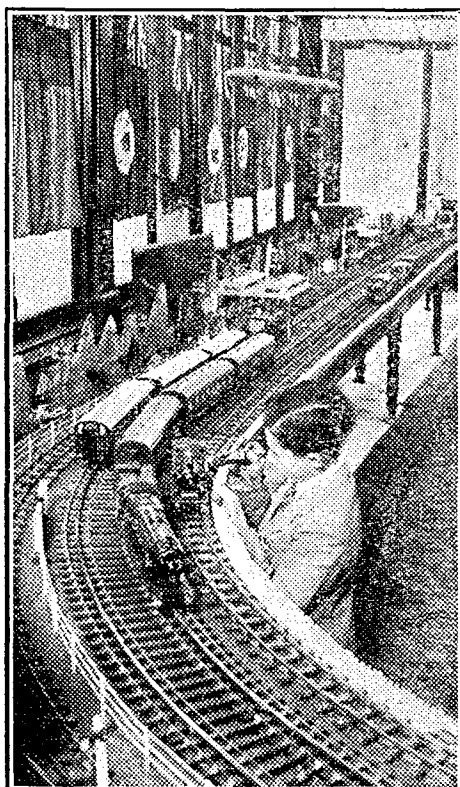
## FOLLOW MY LEADER ON THE ICE • THE LAST OF A FAMOUS CATHEDRAL



**Follow-my-Leader on the Ice**—This jolly party at Sils Maria, Switzerland, is having a fine time playing follow-my-leader on the ice, and no doubt finds the game a very exciting one



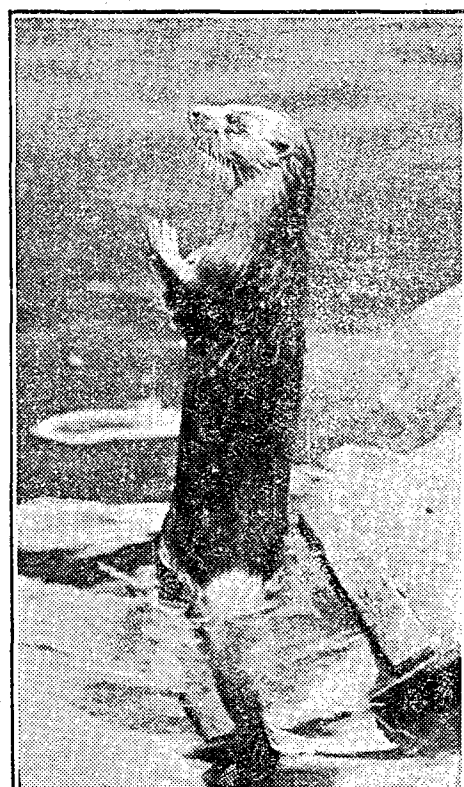
**A Ski-ing Obstacle Race**—Ski-ing is not an easy sport to learn, but once mastered it yields capital fun. Here are some competitors in a ski obstacle race clearing a fence in fine style



**A Wonderful Model Railway**—In this picture we see a model railway, with 550 feet of rails, five lines, and seven engines, which Sir Edward Nicholl has assembled at home for his grandsons



**Modern Ways in Old Morocco**—No country perhaps has developed so fast of late as Morocco, to which the French have brought good government after centuries of misrule. European customs are being adopted, and we see here the strange sight of a woman of Rabat wheeling a perambulator bought at a French store



**The Otter Asks for More**—The otter is a very shy animal and is seldom on view in the wild, but at the London Zoo we can see him begging for his breakfast, which he does in very graceful fashion



**The Swans Say Thank You**—One result of the flooding of the Thames was that the swans were driven downstream and found it hard to get a meal, except from kind friends on shore



**Last of a Famous Cathedral**—Here is the elaborate Russian Cathedral in Warsaw in course of demolition by the Poles, who determined to get rid of this relic of Russian domination

## OPENING THE DOOR OF UNKNOWN WORLDS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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